National Anti-Slavery Standard.

VOL. XXV. NO. 24. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1864. WHOLE NO. 1,272.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, ON SATURDAY

AT $2 50 PER ANNUM,

BY THE

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

At its Office, No. 48 Beekman Street, New York

AND AT THE OFFICE OF THE

PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

5 *South-Fifth Street, Philadelphia.*

LETTERS should be addressed to OLIVER JOHNSON, *Editor of The Anti-Slavery Standard*, 48 Beekman-st., New York.

ADVERTISEMENTS, 10 cents per line each insertion.

Pro-Slavery.

In this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

AN INVASION OF NEGROES.

From the N. Y. Daily News.

THE smiling Valley of Virginia Gen. Grant—lending himself to the most infamous suggestions of Black Republicanism—has ordered to be made "a barren waste." The expulsion of the women and children from Atlanta, the murders of soldiers in Missouri, and the savage determination of Black Republican fanaticism at Washington, are all combining to darken the conflict of the sections into one of fierce revenge. The refusal to exchange prisoners of war, and the horrible policy of resting the prospect of conquest on the steady progress of killing and maiming all the able-bodied men of the South, are cooperating with other causes of the same cruel character, in degrading the war into one of indiscriminate slaughter. In the name of God and humanity, in the name of civilization, in the name of all the proud memories of our fathers, must we go on thus in a descent which will certainly end in the horrible spectacle of two people of the same race, language, and religion, fighting under the black flag?

Christianity, civilization, humanity, all set aside, do not the horrors of our work of impossible conquest threaten us with fearful reprisals? The country which witnessed the orderly forbearance of two successive invasions of these Federal States, has looked on with terror at the wild justice of revenge which surged, and roared, and leaped up, in voiceful vengeance, from the burning homes of Chambersburg. Have we no grounds for apprehension that the poisoned cup which the Sheridans, and the Grants, and the Shermans, are presenting to the lips of the South, may not be pressed, with even more savage spirit, to our own? Our fears may well teach us mercy, even though the Administration may lead the world to suppose that our humanity has been replaced by the passions of a wolf or the promptings of a devil!

The arithmetic of killing and wounding has worked for these States with terrible fatality. The conscriptions of the South keep full pace with all our efforts for reënforcement; for, while she has now, doubtless, an army much less, numerically, than our own, the proportion of that force to ours, is fully as high as that which she has been able to maintain at any stage of the war. At home she is, doubtless, able to hold her own; but, goaded to madness, she chafes within her earthworks like a caged tiger. The revenge into which she is stung by a savage fierceness unknown to civilized war, there is good reason to fear, she will make every effort of desperation to slake in invasion.

The slaves of the South can be made to supply an excellent material for infantry. Docile and of great physical strength, they may be converted into a soldiery in six or eight months. Under command of officers to whom they have rendered a life-long, unquestioning obedience, and to whom they pay an affectionate devotion, they may be molded into an invincible machine under the direction of a man of military genius. Events are moving rapidly toward that conclusion. Negroes of the South became attached to the Confederate armies in the capacity, at first, of servants. The demand for men increasing, they were next admitted by Congress to approach the status of a soldier by their employment as attaches of the commissariat. Recruitment demands pressing still more closely on the whites of the South, the journals of Richmond, falling in with a policy recommended twelve months ago by the Legislature of Alabama or Mississippi, insist now that negroes be sent into the field to do, in battle, the duties of the soldier. This reserve policy of the Confederates promises, if the necessity shall be held to demand such a step, to force upon the Federal government half a dozen additional drafts; for, once adopted, it will recruit the ranks of the South to the extent of at least three hundred thousand men.

The enormous reserves available among the slaves of the South may, in the present temper of the Confederates, be ordered to the field at the suggestion of revenge. The barbarities of Black Republican invasion may, it is true, provoke to reprisal, before even the end of this year, by an invasion or a wild cavalry dash, with fire and sword, throughout the peaceful fields and innoffensive populations of Ohio and Pennsylvania. Ought not this, even as a possibility, restrain the hand of the Federal war-makers, in consideration for the people on this side of the border? But, saved, happily, from the immediate curse of reprisal, may we not, with very grave reason, look with something like certainty for the descent of that curse upon our fields and homesteads before the fall of the leaves of next Autumn, at the hands of a horde of savage Africans? The ferocity that is now at work at all points of the field of conflict will have very soon entered the very depths of the soul of the Southern people, and, festering there into a passion of fierce vengeance, may, in that form, be reasonably feared to employ, if it can find satiety in no other way, hundreds of thousands of black soldiers in an invasion of barbarous revenge. The barbarities of Black Republicanism threaten thus to extend beyond the South, by letting loose upon our fields and firesides the brand of fierce reprisal, and upon the lives and persons of our people—men and women—all the evil passions of an army of semi-savages. Pennsylvania already owes Mr. Abraham Lincoln an account of ruined families and blackened hearth-stones; but, if his barbarity is allowed to go on in the lands and homes of the South, how much more terrible is the account which will stand between them on the evil day when some Southern Tamerlane shall have watered in the Susquehanna the artillery horses of an army of two hundred thousand Africans!

SLAVERY AS WELL AS SEPARATION THE OBJECT OF THE REBELLION.

From the Richmond Punch, Sept. 16.

"THE people of the South," says a cotemporary, "are not fighting for slavery, but for independence."

Let us look into this matter. It is an easy task, we think, to show up this new-fangled heresy—a heresy calculated to do us no good; for it cannot deceive foreign statesmen, nor peoples, nor mislead any one here nor in Yankee land.

If we have read aright, the slavery agitation commenced in Philadelphia in the infancy of the United States. The members of Congress from the Southern States were much "pestered by the Quakers with petitions to free their slaves." The pestering was one among other reasons why the Southern members desired that the seat of government should be removed from Philadelphia.

New England, with her fanatical Puritan element, finding slavery unprofitable on a soil naturally rocky and barren, transplated the seeds sown by the Quakers of Pennsylvania, and nursed the abolition growth until she became universally and notoriously anti-slavery. Her leaders were foremost in the troubles which took place on the admission of Missouri into the Federal Union. So disgusted was John Randolph on that occasion, and so prophetic of coming sectional difficulties, that, although not on speaking terms with Mr. Clay, he proposed that the Southern members of Congress should go home, and declared if Mr. Clay would leave the Speaker's chair, he would follow him to Kentucky or to any part of the world.

Every reader knows by heart the history of that incessant slavery agitation in the Federal Congress afterwards. Every discerning man saw the cloud, at first no bigger than the hand of Elijah, swell into overshadowing proportions. The Abolitionists stole our negroes by hundreds of thousands, flooded Congress with petitions for the emancipation of the rest, and kept up a perpetual agitation, both inside and outside the Federal capital, on the subject.

At last, the devilish aggressions of the North culminated in the election of Lincoln—a radical Abolitionist, who had made public declaration "that the Union could not remain half white, half black"; that slavery must give way to free labor.

Need we repeat what followed? Does not every one know this war was inaugurated because the Southern people felt that more silly compromises, more bartering away of principles, more concessions on our part, would lead to still greater aggressions on the part of the Yankees? Does not everybody know that the first gun fired at Sumter was a States' right gun, which thundered forth the doctrine that each State was a sovereignty, and, as such, had a right to set up or pull down any institution within its limits, and that the Federal Congress had nothing in the world to do with the domestic institutions of a State? And did not that gun vindicate the right of seperate State session, and did not secession take place because we all felt that if we remained in the Union an Abolition President and an Abolition Congress would, before the end of four years, jeopardize our great institution—slavery?

"The people of the South are not fighting for slavery, but for independence." Why, this is tantamount to saying that the South is fighting for independence at the expense of slavery. It is an acknowledgment that slavery is either an evil or unimportant—a doctrine which we hold to be opposed to the experience of ethnologists and of every agriculturalist of the South.

If the new heresy is intended to conciliate European nations it will fail, for it does not tally with our history, as the Southern people know. The first are not to be hoodwinked by so transparant a fallacy; the second cannot agree to hold our great industrial institution at so low a figure. Is the new heresy intended to conciliate the Yankees? If so, worse still, as we should never consent to eat our words and our principles face to face with that negro-stealing race.

Our doctrine is this: We are fighting for independence, that our great and necessary domestic institution of slavery shall be preserved, and other institutions of which slavery is the groundwork.

Selections.

EXTRACTS FROM THE SPEECH OF MR. CUSHING,

Delivered at the Maryland Constitutional Convention.

SLAVERY stands to-day before the bar of the people of Maryland. She is impeached for having driven all free migration to the other States, because free men would not come here to live in a free State. She is impeached for having stopped immigration, because she has blighted our soil with her culture. She has refused us education, because education would make Abolitionists; and finally she is impeached with having brought on this country the war in which we are now engaged. And the verdict the people of Maryland give, first in the premonition through this Convention, and then by the ruling voice of the people when this Constitution shall be submitted to them, will fix forever this much vexed question of slavery; and a verdict will be rendered which posterity for all time will applaud. The smile of the civilized world will be upon you; and we may then hope that God will smile on both State and nation.

I come now to the question of compensation for slavery by the State. * * * * * * Slavery is a nuisance in the State of Maryland, and therefore, we claim that it shall be abolished. We pay no man for abating a nuisance, and we will not pay for slavery. Not one dollar, not one cent will we give. Not a day will we give. We will immediately emancipate; we will not compensate. The voice of the people has said this before; I say it in the name of my constituency; here upon this floor. You may call it robbery; you may call it theft or any other and milder name that you please. Nevertheless the people have so determined. If it is a satisfaction to any one to stand against the will of the people and interpose these straws of epithets, I would not deprive him of that satisfaction. A mad dog comes in your way and you shoot him. Forsooth, you go not after his owner to pay him. A wild bull rushes down the public highway, and you kill him; but you go not to offer payment. You kill him because he is a public nuisance in the highway, obstructing the rights of the people there. So the free people of Maryland have had their rights obstructed from the beginning of its history until now by slavery.

This kind of property alone, gentlemen tells us, is apparently to suffer by this war. But do gentlemen remember that no kind of property in this community has as yet escaped? Do gentlemen remember that more property has been lost already in this State from confidence in the chivalry than all the slaves in Maryland amount to? Is that class of property alone to be cared for? I have never heard an appeal to the State of Maryland to compensate citizens of the State for other losses from the effects of war. If gentlemen desire that compensation shall be given, why not spread it abroad through the land to every man who may have suffered? Why pursue the same exclusive favoritism towards the slaveholder which our State has pursued from the beginning? Our eyes are open. We decline to be led by any such favoritism. Maryland to-day is not able to pay the losses by this war. If the losses already incurred by this war were to be paid back to the citizens in the form of a funded debt, it would load Maryland down so that she could never pay it. Forty millions of dollars to be paid by the State of Maryland to the owners of slaves! Twenty millions of dollars to be paid by the city, which I have the honor to represent, to the lower Counties of Maryland for slaves. One third of the population of this State, in the city of Baltimore, does not see the equity of that proceeding. I can only speak for them. Gentlemen from the portion of the State from which all that makes the grandeur of the State, its future hope and its prosperity is to come, tell you that their constituents do not see the justness of that claim.

Is this property alone destroyed? It is safe enough in the taxes which it ought to have paid, and which it has not paid. Slaves for which the owners paid $1,600 were taxed for $400. The taxes have been upon the average price of $250 for 70 years. No justice to any but the holder of slaves has been the constant cry. What became of the poor white man who was not a slaveholder—was beneath consideration?

The value has been destroyed and gone; we are asked to pay for that which does not exist. Did the State of Maryland destroy it? The gentleman from St. Mary's (Mr. Billingsley) has told us not. Why, then, should the State of Maryland pay for it? There has not been, so far as I have been able to hear, any objection to the General government paying if they please. But that the State of Maryland should pay for a thing which does not exist, and which has no value, which by the testimony of the representative of one of our strongest slaveholding Counties, Maryland has not destroyed, I do not see the justice of.

* * * * * *

There will come to Maryland, in the abolition of slavery, sufficient importance and sufficient prosperity to pay her citizens. It may come after long years, or it may never come, in the form of Maryland being able to wipe out all funded debt; but it will certainly and speedily come in the conveniences of the slaveholders themselves, when their free slaves perhaps will stay with them, and they will be able to hire on favorable terms the labor of the men who are now their slaves. As it is now, the slaves will not stay; because the temptation of freedom lies beyond; but when free they will stay. They will have to labor, and it will be alleviated by the consciousness that the man is working for himself, and not for another; that he is working for his wife, and not because he is a chattel. It will be the labor of man animated by the desire of providing for his family, and not that of a man forced to work for his owner.

There will come immigration into Maryland. Free white men, of whom we heard so much, will come, because they will then be equal; they will not be trodden down; they will not be denied freedom of speech; they will have the right to speak as they think, responsible, too, for the results; they will not be legislated for by a class with whom they have no sympathies; they will not be legislated for by a class the very principles of whose existence are in antagonism with the freedom which they enjoyed at home. But they will come here to a free and regenerated State, a State which has been seventy-four years or more learning to be what it ought to have been three-quarters of a century ago. We have learned our lesson late; but we have learned it well. While others may learn it in the printed book, it has been reserved to us to learn it in three years of hard, bloody battle; but we have learned it well. The reflection of the sun upon its red characters has printed it deep in our hearts. It is not with us a thing of memory; but a thing of life. I tell you that lessons learned under such circumstances are not to be forgotten.

With reference to what we have heard so often, that if there ever occurs another revolution of the wheel of fortune this thing will be undone, I tell you, gentlemen, now that so long as God sitteth upon the rim of the universe, so long, if now we pass an emancipation act for the people of Maryland, so long will Maryland be free. There exists no power below the power of omnipotence ever again to bring slavery into Maryland, unless you first deprive her of all her present population, and then deprive the General government of all power whatever. Nay, more; you must not leave one free State among the States of the North; because so strong is that feeling now, that if there were but one, she would wage a crusade which would gather under her banners the aggregate force of the civilized world to sweep out slavery.

Slavery comes not back to the land from which it has once been driven. Once drive it back, and I assure, it will never return.

Gentlemen are troubled about what is to become of the free negroes. God suffers not a sparrow to fall upon the ground without his care, and counts the very hairs of our heads; and I humbly submit that he may be trusted with that question.

Let those who have work for free negroes pay them just wages, and all we have will not be near enough for the labor we need. There are agencies established to bring labor from Scotland and Ireland, because we have not labor enough. Some gentlemen seem to think that the whole four millions of the Southern States are to come into Maryland to settle. If ever the South is free, if ever the arms of the United States shall have closed around her and freed her despite herself, and shall have done what under the Constitution she guaranteed to do, given her a republican form of government, then four millions of slaves, for the labor that will be demanded in that territory, will be but as a drop in the bucket. The whole world will scarcely afford labor enough for that immense territory. Their arms will be stretched out on every side to freemen everywhere, to till those fields where there is prospect before them of unlimited wealth. They will stretch forth their hands to the world for aid. Four millions of beings for all that vast Southern territory, where you can travel for miles, in some places for days and look not upon the face of a living human being!

When there shall be peace in that land, it may not be a place where the man who has owned another may care to live with the one he has owned. But the 500,000 slave-owners may migrate, and in one year their places would be more than filled by others. It is human nature that a man who has owned another should be reluctant to employ the man he once owned. Power once given, it is hard to take away. We cling to it, however bad it may be. Every instinct of our heart tells us that it is wrong; but from prejudice, education, habit, and convenience, we cling to it. I can understand how they will make the most desperate effort and fight to the last gasp to prevent its being taken away. But, gentlemen, in conclusion, I will tell you one thing. The testimony of Maryland, the history of Maryland, the government of Maryland upon this question prove that

> "The mill of the gods grind slowly,
> But they grind exceedingly small;
> Though with patience stands he waiting,
> With exactness grinds he all."

CHIEF JUSTICE TANEY.

From the Evening Post.

WHEN Mr. Taney became Chief Justice of the Supreme Court he was already considerably past the prime of life; he was fifty-nine years of age. He had been previously a lawyer in good practice and of considerable local repute; originally a Federalist in politics, and at one time of his life the friend of impartial liberty. In defending the Rev. Jacob Gruber from a charge of inciting slaves to disorder in Maryland, in 1818, Mr. Taney used these memorable words, which we quote at length as the most honorable record of his life: "A hard necessity indeed compels us to endure the evil of slavery for a time. It was imposed upon us by another nation, while yet we were in a state of colonial vassalage. It cannot be easily or suddenly removed. Yet while it continues it is a blot on our national character, and every real lover of freedom confidently hopes that it will be effectually, though it must be gradually, wiped away, and earnestly looks for the means by which this necessary object may be attained. And until it shall be accomplished, until the time shall come when we can point without a blush to the language held in the Declaration of Independence, every friend of humanity will seek to lighten the galling chain of slavery, and better, to the utmost of his power, the wretched condition of the slave."

Is it not a coincidence worthy of passing remark that the Chief Justice should have lived to witness these noble aspirations of his youth carried into effect by his fellow-citizens in his native State? The very day on which he died they were voting away forever that hideous social and political evil which he once lamented so earnestly, and for the extinction of which he once so ardently prayed. As his own spirit was passing away, the darker spirit of that monster was also passing from his beautiful Maryland.

* * * * * * *

In the famous Dred Scott case, in which the only legal point involved was a plea to the jurisdiction of the Circuit Court, upon a writ of error to the Supreme Court, the Chief Justice having decided that there was no jurisdiction, which ought to have dismissed the case, went out of his way to utter several impertinent and altogether anomalous constitutional constructions. He proclaimed, in the course of this most extraordinary opinion, that a free negro of the African race whose ancestors were brought into this country and sold as slaves is not and cannot be a "citizen"; that for more than a century previous to the adoption of the Declaration of Independence negroes, whether slaves or free, had been regarded as "beings of an inferior order, and altogether unfit to associate with the white race, either in social or political relations; and so far inferior that they had no rights which the white man was bound to respect"; that Dred Scott, a negro slave, who was removed by his master from Missouri to Illinois, lost whatever freedom he may have thus acquired by being subsequently removed into the territory of Wisconsin and by his return to the State of Missouri; that the inhibition of slavery in the territories of the United States lying north of the line of thirty-six degrees and thirty minutes, known as the Missouri Compromise, was unconstitutional; that the only two clauses in the Constitution which refer to negroes, treat them as persons whom it is morally lawful to deal in as articles of property; that the citizen of any State may take into a territory of the United States any article of property recognized by the Constitution, or in other words, carry his slaves thither without molestation to his perfect right of ownership; and that Congress could not exercise any authority whatever over this species of property that it could not constitutionally exercise over other property.

This decision, which was intended to lend the sanction of our supreme judicial tribunal to the great purpose of nationalizing slavery, by declaring it, first, to be recognized by the Constitution; second, to be valid in the territories, and third, to be entitled to a sojourn and transit in the free States, was at war alike with history, with jurisprudence, with moral principle, with common sense and human feeling, and defeated its own ends. It so shocked the moral convictions of the nation that more than anything else, perhaps, it led to that uprising of the free sentiment of the North, which became apparent first in the Fremont campaign, and second in the Lincoln election, which marked the second grand epoch of our national history. The fearful war, which has since 1861 desolated the land of the slavelord, is in a large part the fruit of that nurture which was given by the Supreme Court to the heresies and delusions of the ambitious Southern oligarchs.

Even if that decision had not been so pregnant with political consequences as it was; if it had been a mere reckless and passing word, uttered in the excitement of controversy, it would have been no less disgraceful to the judge from whom it came. When the highest judicial authority of a people consents to dip its ermine in the filth and mire of the streets; when it opens the judicial mind to the prejudices of locality and class; when it does not scorn to further the designs of parties or the intrigues of partisans; when, instead of standing before the world as the impartial and incorruptible exponent of the rights of all men to equal and exact justice, it takes upon itself to pronounce a sentiment so atrocious as that certain men "have no rights which others are bound to respect," it forfeits forever the reverence of mankind, and invokes its unmeasured contempt and abhorrence. A court of justice should be the visible embodiment of the throne of God, where the lowest human creature may confidently ask for justice, and where the vilest even may yet hope for mercy.

But Chief Justice Taney has gone, and his errors have gone with him. Freedom is now and henceforth the law of the land, and while her noble image crowns the dome of the Capitol, her spirit, we trust, will inspire the courts that are gathered beneath. A great statesman of the West, whose life has been identified with the struggle for truth, will doubtless ascend to the vacant seat; and the year that closes the war will see a renewal of the best life of the Republic—in her courts as well as in her legislative halls, in the Executive chair as well as among the people.

From the Times.

The Dred Scott decision was made public the very month that President Buchanan acceded to power, and it formed the basis of his whole policy in respect to slavery through his entire Administration. It shipwrecked both him and his party. It contributed, more than all other things combined, to the election of President Lincoln. The people would not abide this attempt of the majority of the Supreme Court to foist upon the Constitution the extremest dogmas of John C. Calhoun. They would not tolerate the doctrine that the Constitution, by its own force, established slavery in all the Territories of the United States, making slavery a national instead of a local institution. That the Dred Scott decision was a complete yielding to the full desires and demands of slavery, is made strikingly manifest by the fact that the Montgomery Constitution, which was shaped by slaveholders without the slightest let or hindrance, does not contain a syllable in the interest of slavery which is not found precisely in this Dred Scott Decision of Chief-Justice Taney. There is no shadow of a new guaranty for this institution except the section that in all newly acquired territory "slavery shall be recognized and protected by Congress and by the territorial government, and the inhabitants of the several States shall have the right to take to such territory any slaves lawfully held by them;" and another section securing the right of "transit and sojourn in any State with slaves and other property." Those are just the points on which would have been secured for slavery under the Federal Constitution, had Judge Taney's interpretation become established law.

His removal by death will make an epoch in the history of the Supreme Court. Unquestionably his place will be filled by some jurist who is in perfect accord with all the great Union principles and anti-slavery sentiments which will henceforth control the executive and legislative branches of the government. It is true that the old Democratic Judges, Wayne, Catron, Nelson, Grier and Clifford will still constitute half of the Court; but even were they disposed to make another political decision in the interest of slavery, their combined opinions would have no effect against the other half of the Court, headed by the Chief Justice. Whatever great questions may be forced upon the Court in connection with the rehabilitation of the States whose people have been in rebellion, we may now be confident, will be adjudicated in accordance with the fundamental principles of our government, as recognized by its founders, and in harmony, too, with the great policies imposed upon the country by the necessity of destroying the present rebellion, and every possibility of its recurrence in the future.

IMMEDIATE EMANCIPATION.

From the Missouri Democrat.

WE cannot in the present condition of things in Missouri, consent to support any man for office who is not in favor of the most speedy method of freeing the State from slavery—in other words, who is not in favor of immediate emancipation. This is a test which we hold should now be applied to every candidate. The time was when the great question was whether a public man was in favor of the government as against the rebel Confederacy. Then all men aspiring to political preferment were not ready to acknowledge an unconditional adhesion to the Union. But now that time is past in Missouri. Not that all public men—all ambitious politicians, are unspotted Unionists, but that the tactics of men of weak loyalty has been changed. Formerly those gentlemen talked about their support of the Union and government *upon conditions*. They were conditional Unionists. They were ready to stand by the government just so long as what they pleased to call their rights were not intruded upon—that is, so long as slavery and slavery predominance were assured them. Now they claim to be unconditionally for the Union, but work for slavery and slavery predominance the same as before. The change is in terms, not in measures and positions.

The best test of Unionism is a man's willingness to give up and discard what favors rebellion. That slavery has favored and strengthened rebellion all through this war, and is yet one of its principal supports, no sane man, particularly in Missouri, can conscientiously deny. The rebellion here began with the friends of that institution, as it did everywhere else. No man joined in the revolt who was not a friend of slavery, and very few can attribute their defection to the Union to any other agency or influence than their partiality for that institution, or their apprehension for its security. And to-day who will pretend to deny that its name and influence are largely instrumental in the production of our troubles—the incursions of rebel armies, and the desolations of civil strife. The rebel Confederacy claims Missouri as its own, simply because she is a "Southern State," branded with the mark of the slave oligarchy. Every rebel banner that is marched across our border comes in the name of slavery, and every one speaks as plainly in its interest as if that institution's name were written upon its folds. To stand by slavery is, therefore, merely to stand by the rebellion—not directly, it is true, but in upholding the main pillar upon which it rests.

Nor will it do to talk about emancipation in the distant future. Just as well would it answer to talk about Unionism in the future. A *gradual* abolishment of slavery in Missouri means no more nor less than a gradual suppression of the rebellion. We have the practical proof of this—the testimony of the most thorough of experiments. A number of our wise men who thought they could subdue the rebellion, and yet leave its root—its cause—untouched, got together not long ago in our State, and adopted an ordinance of emancipation *to take effect in seven years*. The rebels have ever since laughed at this attempt to cheat them with the most transparent of shams. They have only been encouraged, and fought the harder, in consequence of this display of timidity and blindness on the part of their adversaries. Quite as sensible would it have been for a physician called to the bedside of a suffering patient, to prescribe a remedy to be administered in seven years, provided the sick man succeeded in living so long. The quackery of our sick State's physicians, of the Conservative school, has been equally apparent from results. They told us we would have peace after their ministration. The result has been an increase of war and bloodshed. They told us the diseased body politic would recover from its maladies, but instead of that effect, it has grown daily more afflicted. Is it not time to change medicines or physicians, or both?

Nothing is clearer than that to restore health to our disordered State, no half-way remedy will avail—much less such nostrums as answer to sugar and water in the medical world, although labelled with an imposing name. The remedy, to be effectual, must go down to the root of the disease, and remove the cause of evil. If emancipation is that remedy, it must be emancipation which means freedom and loyalty, and not merely emancipation in name.

The people of Missouri have had ample opportunity of judging from practical tests. They have tried nearly all conditions. They had slavery, and it brought them rebellion and war. They have tried gradual emancipation, and it has brought them cruel disappointment. They have but one additional alternative to turn to, that is, freedom unconditional and immediate—freedom such as the loyal States of the North have enjoyed in prosperity and peace. Why Missouri should not be equally blessed from a resort to the same system cannot be satisfactorily explained. He who, in the present crisis of Missouri's affairs, is unwilling to make the experiment, can scarcely be set down as practically more friendly than an enemy to the Union.

What Missouri now needs in the selection of her public officers, more than anything else, is some safe test of their reliability. No better test can be found than their position upon the emancipation question. Let the interrogatory be put to every candidate, "*Are you for immediate emancipation?*" No man unwilling to answer in the affirmative should be trusted. He has not been educated up to the requirements of the times. Better would it be to defer his claims to a future season.

THE SEQUEL TO JEFF. DAVIS'S CONFESSIONS.

From the New York Times.

GEN. COOPER, Inspector General of the rebel army, has supplied a very appropriate supplement to Davis's Macon speech. Every one liable to the rebel conscription, heretofore exempted, must report at once for duty in the field. Only those mechanics employed in government workshops are excepted from the general draft. Sick and physically disabled persons must, in all cases, report themselves at the camp of instruction, and if, after undergoing a certain amount of drill, they are found to be useless as soldiers, they may get off. Gen. Cooper's order, however, must be obeyed. We commend its study as a practical commentary on Davis's confession, that two-thirds of his army have deserted him, and as a confirmation of Gen. Grant's averment that the conspirators are bound to rob "the cradle and the grave."

The Richmond *Enquirer*, in publishing this order, takes occasion to commend its wisdom, evidently contemplating satisfactory results from having the "physically disabled" sent to the front. The arrangement is doubtless made with a special view to desertions. A battalion or two of cripples can probably be depended on—not to run away, at least. Jeff. Davis throws himself on the matrons, widows and maidens of Georgia. Gen. Cooper, who is the ranking officer in the Confederate army, rushes with his provost-marshals to the hospitals, to see if his quotas cannot be made up from that source. But the Richmond *Enquirer*, while approving of what both these officials have done, expresses the opinion that something more may now be needed to prevent a ruinous collapse of the Confederacy. The *Enquirer*, in short, calls lustily for a general arming of *negro slaves*.

"The President," it says, "has announced the startling fact, that two-thirds of the army are absent without leave. At present, all are needed, and all must come forward. *Those that delay and shirk will be hunted down and permanently sent to the army*.....We should be glad to see the Confederate Congress provide for the purchase of two hundred and fifty thousand negroes, present them with their freedom and the privilege of remaining in the States, and arm, equip, drill and fight them." Slavery, the *Enquirer* concludes, must "not be permitted to stand in the way of the success of our cause."....."*Other States may decide* for themselves, but Virginia, after exhausting her whites, will *fight her blacks through to the last man*."

These be brave words, no doubt; but there are one or two reflections which they suggest, not altogether of a consolitary kind—looking from the *Enquirer's* stand-point. If two-thirds of the Confederate armies—all white men—have already run away from Davis and his man Cooper, and are now hiding in the mountain regions of Georgia and elsewhere, what proportion of the black levies can be expected to stand to their colors? Has the chivalry thus degenerated, that two-thirds of them absolutely refuse to fight for their own independence? Davis assured Col. Jacquess, a few weeks ago, that two millions of his black slaves had been emancipated by the advance of the United States armies. At that rate of emancipation, is it not likely that the negroes may prefer to win their freedom at a cheaper rate than the *Enquirer* proposes? These are points which, we presume, Davis and Cooper have reflected on with some care, before they began this business of ordering "physically disordered" men to the front, or of screeching for the help of the women and children.

THE LATE ELECTIONS.

From the Times.

THE elections in Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana, though but preliminary to the struggle in November, have put several great points beyond all further doubt.

First, they have settled that the Union party will have a strong majority in the next Congress. The sure gain of six Congressmen in Pennsylvania, of eight in Ohio, and of four in Indiana—without taking into account the doubtful districts—it is virtually certain cannot be overcome by any Congressional gains the Copperheads can possibly make in the remaining Congressional elections, most of which will take place next month. But to obtain the ascendancy in the next House of Representatives, they would not only have to overcome this, but also gain enough more to overbalance the twenty-five Union majority of the present House, which not even the most visionary Copperhead can imagine possible. The next Congress is now made perfectly secure to the Union party. This is of immense account. It insures the thorough coöperation of the legislative with the executive branch of the government in the great work of restoring the Union in case President Lincoln is reëlected; and it also insures that, even if the Chicago nominee should by any chance succeed, no scheme of concession to the rebels can be consummated.

Again, the votes of the Pennsylvania and Ohio soldiers are an infallible index that the army will go for Lincoln with a majority of at least eight to one. The returns already received, though but limited, yet come from such a variety of localities, and have such a uniform aspect, that there can be no reasonable doubt that the same general considerations are operating upon the soldiers everywhere. What was declared beforehand is verified—that the soldiers who have fought so grandly to subdue this rebellion, would be the last men to go for making terms with it, or in any wise to favor the Chicago platform. The Copperheads denied this, and had the impudence to make claim to a majority vote among the soldiers. This was too absurd for belief; yet there was some sensible doubt about the hold which old party associations might have upon the minds of the Democratic soldiers. All such doubt is dispelled by the returns already received.

Again, the splendid result in Indiana proves that, even without the soldiers' vote, every State may be carried by dint of a thorough canvass. No State has drawn more extensively upon its loyal population for the supply of the Union armies than Indiana; and in none have the Copperheads remaining at home been more active or more virulent. Yet, thanks to the grand faithfulness of the Union leaders, with Gov. Morton at their head, the State is carried for the Union party by a majority of over twenty thousand. What has been achieved in Indiana, without the vote of the soldiers, is proof that the calculations of the Copperheads, that their success would be secured by their disfranchisement of the soldiers, was entirely without warrant. A thorough presentation of the truth at home to the people will secure Union victories at the ballot-box, even without the aid of the heroes who secure them in the field.

Yet again, the signal triumph in Indiana shows conclusively that the entire Northwest will go as a unit for Lincoln. Indiana, by universal admission, was the most doubtful of these States. In all of the others, excepting Illinois, which is conceded to the Union party, the soldiers will vote, and the Union heavy majorities of last year will be more than sustained. These seven Northwestern States cast seventy-eight electoral votes. These, with the thirty-nine New England votes, make a majority of the electoral college which will elect the next President. Thus, without taking into account at all the Middle States, the Border States, and the Pacific States, most, if not all, of which will be carried for President Lincoln, his election is made morally certain.

But it cannot be too often repeated that vastly more is needed than Mr. Lincoln's election by a bare majority. The necessary moral effect of his election can come only from an overwhelming majority. This is requisite in order to convince the rebels of the absolute futility of their hope to divide the North, and thus to prepare them for an early submission. It is also requisite in order to deter Northern conspirators from all attempts to resist the election on the ground that it was effected by only a minority of the States of the Union. The Union men of the country have it in their power to reëlect President Lincoln by a large majority of all the States in the Union, including those whose people are in rebellion. They will be derelict if they fail to do it. From this time to election every true Union civilian ought to consider himself as directly in the service of his country as does every true Union soldier. Every vote that he can influence towards the right helps to a victory as important as any victory in the field.

THE NEGRO.

From the Springfield Republican.

MR. SEWARD is reported to have said, during the campaign which resulted in the election of President Lincoln, that no man who spelt negro with two *g's* could be President. He might say it with equal truth during the present campaign. No man who spells negro with two *g's* now can be elected. There is no blinking the rights and wrongs of this negro question, and no magnifying or cheapening its importance. The fate of four millions of human beings, whose lot, when the war commenced, was that of slavery, is to be decided by the war, rightly or wrongly. It is every human being's right to be free; and any man, we care not to what party he belongs, who treats these unfortunate four millions with contempt, and is willing that their bondage shall be perpetual, must institute a fight with nature, with God, and with all his best impulses and instincts. The man who can say "nigger," and who really feels in his heart the contempt for the race which the word conveys, is a brute. There is more consideration for the negro among the slaveholders themselves than among these low-lived and beastly Northern men who imagine that they say a severe thing of a man, when they call him by some name which shows that he has respect for the rights of the black man.

It is quite the habit of loyal and humane men to speak of the necessity of destroying slavery, in order to save the Republic. We follow the lead of the President himself in this, who, in his famous letter to Mr. Greeley, said that he held the negro question so far subordinate to the Union that if it became necessary, in order to save the Union, he would save slavery. As President of the United States, he did not feel at liberty to take any other ground. Since then, he has determined that the destruction of slavery is essential to the salvation of the Republic. This is a military judgment, or a political or state decision, and we believe it to be thoroughly sound. It has nothing to do with the rights or wrongs of slavery. It has nothing whatever to do with moral principles. It has no connection with the humane impulses of the nation, or with the Christian teachings of universal brotherhood. It is a matter of policy altogether, and the rebellion now reeling under blows which the negro arm has helped to strike is proving every day that the policy is the true one. There is, undoubtedly, a respect for the rights of the negro, and a hatred of slavery in the heart of the President; but the decision is a political matter entirely, and must stand or fall on its merits as the policy of war and statesmanship.

The people, however, are at liberty to look upon this matter in another light. They are at liberty to respect the negro as a man, to count his natural rights to be those of a man, to regard his slavery as a great personal, social and moral wrong, and to hold as unsafe all those counsellors who treat him with persistent contempt. They have been trying to learn the lesson of this war. They believe that it has a lesson, and that it has cost them too much to be disregarded or lightly lost. They know that to slavery, and to slavery alone, is the war attributable, with all its horrors. They know that the Slave Power is the only foe of the Republic. They know that the war was instituted in behalf of slavery; and they believe that this terrible conflict is God's judgment on a nation that has grown fat on wrongs inflicted upon millions of slaves. They have watched the negro as he has assumed the position of a man. They have seen him plunging into the thickest of the fight, and maintaining his position by the side of his white brethren, and gallantly defending the flag that defends him. They have learned to spell his name with a single *g*.

What can a Christian government hope for from a set of men who will learn nothing from such a war as this? What can it hope for from men who glory in trampling upon the rights of four millions of their fellow-beings? What can it hope for from those who have always been in league with the Slave Power—for whose success in this campaign the Slave Power is praying, who have no word of cheer for the negro who has achieved his liberty, and is now fighting for the maintenance of the government, who count it a calamity that slavery is to be disturbed, who are willing and anxious to have it remain for their political benefit? A way has been made by this war for the progress of ideas. Slavery has forfeited every right which it held under the Constitution of the United States. *Slavery itself has no rights. It has thrown away every legal right it ever held.* It has proved itself the enemy of the Republic. It is best blood of this Nation. And now, political obligan open, bloody rebel. Its hands are red with the tion to treat slavery tenderly all gone, we have a right to bring humanity and Christianity into full play, and to declare that slavery shall die—that it shall never have another opportunity to destroy our national life, and that those who spell negro with two *g's* are not safe men to trust with the government. Contempt of the negro has been the crying sin of the North, for which the North is now suffering with the still more contemptuous South. Let us respect him and his rights, and claim it as the glory of the Republican party that it is struggling for the freedom and the rights of every man, of every color, in all these States, over which the stars and stripes have floated—over which in crowning triumph they shall soon float again.

FACTS TO BE CONSIDERED.

From the N. Y. Reformer.

1. THAT James Buchanan, a life-long Democrat, occupied the Presidential chair when the scheme of breaking up the Union was agreed upon and put in execution by Jeff. Davis and his fellow conspirators.

2. That the Cabinet was made up exclusively of Democrats while this conspiracy against the integrity of the government was in progress.

3. That every department of the National government was controlled by Democrats when South Carolina, Alabama, Mississippi, and other slaveholding States, adopted ordinances of secession and, so far as they were able, took themselves out of the Union.

4. That a new government was established under the name and style of "the Confederate States of America," embracing the States above named, and while the Democrats held undisputed sway in the Federal government.

5. That military organizations were everywhere brought into being throughout the plantation States—in fact, the whole so-called Southern Confederacy was placed on a war footing, and everything got in readiness for offensive operations the moment there should be an attempt to interfere with the plan of the insurgents for a separate and independent existence.

6. That though these acts were treasonable, according to the Constitution of the United States, the persons engaged in organizing the new government and in arming the people have not been looked upon as disloyal men and traitors, and nowhere been characterized as such by those styling themselves Democrats in the loyal States.

7. That notwithstanding the Confederate authorities opened their batteries upon a fortification

loyal States and the success of the disloyal; and it is worthy of note that these persons are all Democrats, and propose to vote the democratic ticket at the coming election.

In view of these facts, is it not a fair inference that the managers of the Democratic party do not desire the suppression of the rebellion? do not desire the defeat of Lee's army and the capture of Richmond? do not desire the restoration of the Union (unless it can be done without war)? The Jeff. Davis government was set up while James Buchanan was President, and without opposition from him. Would he have exerted himself to put it down and preserve the Union had he continued in the office? Of course not. Should the Democracy succeed in electing their President, before the close of the war and the restoration of the Union, would he continue the war, or would he allow the Republic to be dismembered? Does McClellan differ from Buchanan? Does he differ with the Chicago platform? Does he differ with his party? Will any man pretend that he does? No. For that reason every man who favors the war for the preservation of the Union should and will vote against him.

THE DISASTER OF NEGRO ENLISTMENTS.

From the Louisville Daily Press.

THE *Journal* makes a most woe-begone face over the enlistment of negroes in this State. It says that "the breaking up of the whole labor system of our State has worked incalculable damage to its loyal people." Has it then come to this, brave old Commonwealth? Does your "whole labor system" rest on the backs of a few thousand slaves? Then the sooner it is broken up—annihilated, so utterly swept away from the social edifice that no attempt at imitating it will ever be repeated, the better for us all. The pyramid of our prosperity must not be allowed to topple on its apex in that way one season longer. Labor is the very basis and substance of wealth. We had no conception that the wealth of this great, grandly-endowed and fertile State was held by such a precarious tenure. We had supposed that slavery was not generally regarded as the paramount fact in the social order of Kentucky, nor slave labor the sole reliance of her inhabitants in garnering from her soil and her mines the rich products with which these are endowed. We have seen white men at work in our beloved State with a vigor and skill that we supposed were at least equal to the achievements of the average darkey.

In 1860 a little less than one-fifth of the population of Kentucky were slaves. There were at that time something over 200,000 of these. Somewhere between 15,000 and 20,000 able-bodied males from this class have been enlisted during the present season in the great Union army. Their owners are to receive—if they have not already received—$300 apiece for these. And this has broken up the labor-system of Kentucky! These few thousand negroes are of more consequence than all the rest of us put together! We hope Sambo will not hear of this. He stands very straight in his army blue already. Were he once to obtain a full comprehension of his importance we think the State would have to surrender to him. We haven't seen such an argument for emancipation as this melancholy confession of the *Journal* in a long time. The point in this negro enlistment is this: Kentucky is bound to bear her share of the burden of war, and furnish her share of men to help fight it through. We presume the *Journal* is not yet so far advanced in its affiliations with the "rebel Wickliffe-Harney" set of politicians, as to deny this obligation and necessity. The question is, can she better afford to spare whites than blacks? We think not. And the startling announcement in the *Journal* makes this conviction firmer than ever. It is high time the white race was released from its abject dependence upon the negro and taught a little self-reliance.

The blacks enlisted in the State, as our readers very well know, are credited upon its quota. The draft which we have lately been called on to bear was lightened by every black man thus enlisted. The war itself is undoubtedly a burden, a grievous burden and hardship to every State and community in the land. We have no disposition to make light of, or to underrate this hardship. And the burden by the inevitable necessity of things, bears with unequal pressure upon the individual members of the population. No human wisdom or beneficence could have prevented this. In our enrollment and enlistment laws everything that could be done to mitigate this inequality has been done. We believe those laws will become a monument of that approximate justice which finite minds are enabled to perceive and enact. And we see no evidence that these laws inflict peculiar hardship upon Kentucky. On the contrary, by the difference in value to society between a white man and a negro, the State as a whole is peculiarly favored by the rule that counts her blacks in her military quota. It is a burning shame to us to complain of this. It is unmanly and weak, like the whining of a boy who is compelled to accept responsibilities that will stimulate and develop his growing manhood.

Slavery as an institution received its death-shot at Sumter in April, 1861. The government and people for eighteen months after that event refused to see this fact. A large party in our own State are still blind to it. But there is not a military leader in the army but knows it. Grant and Sherman have repeatedly expressed their conviction through public channels.

To avoid all enlistment of slaves in Kentucky and continue to furnish her quotas of fighting men from the white population alone, would not avert nor materially retard the final catastrophe to the "peculiar institution," whilst it would be a special and bitter injustice to the non slaveholding whites who are liable to the draft. That class of persons are opening their eyes to this fact to an extent that will astonish the Copperheads about next November and occasion a farther opening of eyes.

The loss of slaves is no greater inconvenience to a Kentucky farmer than the loss of hired men is to an Indiana farmer. That is for the time being. Whilst the Kentucky farmer has the advantage of receiving three hundred dollars in compensation for his loss.

THE GENERAL ISSUE.

From Harper's Weekly.

MR. HORATIO SEYMOUR, the Governor of New York and the President of the Chicago Convention, made a speech after the nomination of that body in which he said:

"We think he [MacPendleton] is an able man, too. But no matter—we intend to carry this election upon what lawyers call the general issue."

What, then, according to Gov. Seymour, is the "general issue?"

Gen. Dix says that it is whether we shall prosecute the war until the rebels lay down their arms, or make immediate efforts for a cessation of hostilities and a Convention.

Gen. Logan says that there are but two parties—those who support and encourage the rebels, and those who oppose them.

Gen. Wool says that the Chicago candidates were nominated by a Convention that sympathized with the rebels, and whose platform was dictated by Southern traitors.

Gen. Butler says that it is for the loyal men of the North to see to it that the rebellion does not end in the separation of the States, as proposed by the Southern leaders, aided by the election of Gen. MacPendleton and the Chicago platform.

These are authorities upon the real issue as weighty, perhaps, as Mr. Horatio Seymour. But what says he? What, in his view, is the issue now presented to the American people?

On the 31st of January, 1861, he made a speech in Albany—the Tweddle-Hall speech. It was enthusiastically applauded, and was published as a campaign document by the present Chicago party. A constitutional election had just ended. The party to which Mr. Seymour belonged, and which had controlled the government for many years, had been removed from power by a constitutional majority of the people. A section of his party at the South had already seized the national property, and openly threatened the existence of the Union and of the government. The simple question was, shall the authority of the government be maintained, or surrendered to menace? "The condition of our affairs," said Gov. Seymour, "forces upon us the alternative of compromise or civil war." He considers these alternatives, and then concludes: "When unnatural war shall have brought upon our people its ruin, and upon our nation its shame, to what ground shall we be brought at last? *To that we should have accepted at the outset.*" What is that? Compromise. Mr. James S. Thayer, Mr. Seymour's companion upon the Tweddle platform, said that the Southern States had a right to secede, and if the government tried to prevent them it ought to be resisted by arms. Mr. Vallandigham said at Dayton that he always knew it would come to compromise. Mr. Fernando Wood, two years ago, declared that the war could have no other result.

The issue, then, according to Mr. Seymour, supported by his friends of the Chicago Convention and Mr. Wood, is this: that the constitutional majority of the people have no right to govern, and ought to yield to threats and arms; that when a part of the citizens are dissatisfied with the result of an election, and resist it by force, they are to be allowed to have their way, and the majority and government, not they, are to yield.

But again, on the 28th October, 1861, Mr. Horatio Seymour made another speech, and once more stated the issue: "If it is true that slavery must be abolished to save this Union, then the people of the South should be allowed to withdraw themselves from that government which cannot give them the protection guaranteed by its terms." That is to say, if some citizens, to save slavery, abhorred of God and man, take up arms to resist the result of a constitutional election, and to destroy the government and the nation, we must allow them both to be destroyed rather than touch slavery! The Union may go to the dogs, but human slavery must and shall be preserved!

This is what lawyers call "the general issue," says Mr. Horatio Seymour, and upon this we intend to ask the country to vote for our Chicago candidates, who are to be the agents of our policy. The general issue, therefore, fairly stated by the President of the Chicago Convention, is Lincoln, Liberty, and Union, or MacPendleton, Disunion, and Slavery. For that issue the American people are quite ready.

WHO BEGAN THE WAR?

THE eloquent German orator, Frederick Hassaurek, answers this question as follows in a late speech delivered at Cincinnati, Ohio:

In the Convention which framed our present Constitution, slavery demanded guarantees. She demanded the extension of the African slave trade to a certain time, a provision for the surrender of fugitive slaves, and an unjust advantage with regard to representation. She got just what she had asked for and had her own way again. Was she satisfied?

She demanded a Fugitive Slave law under the Constitution; it was given her.

She demanded more slave States, they were admitted. She forced in Missouri as a slave State, under a solemn promise to leave certain other territory forever free, and had her own way. But was she satisfied?

She threatened to nullify the laws of Congress, and was not compelled to obey them. She threatened and the North yielded and compromised. But was she satisfied?

She wanted a war with Mexico and war was declared. She wanted more territory and she got it. She asked for Cuba and the government in her service opened negotiations for its acquisition.

Her politicians wanted to rule, and rule they did. They wanted to control the government, and they controlled it.

The South wanted a more effective Fugitive Slave law, and she got it at the price of violating the fundamental rights of *habeas corpus* and trial by jury. She got it, and those who now declaim that our constitutional rights are assailed, defended it to the bitter end. But was slavery satisfied?

She asked for a breach of plighted faith by a repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and she got it. But was she satisfied?

She demanded the right to control the national mails, and to violate the secrecy of private correspondence. It was conceded to her. But was she satisfied?

She threatened when her demands were not immediately complied with. Her threats were respected, but when did she declare herself satisfied?

She wanted to be nationalized by a decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, and that decision was given. She claimed the right of extending herself into the new territories. This was decided against her by the election of 1860; but, nevertheless, new territories were organized *without* a provision in their organic acts prohibiting slavery, and the Fugitive Slave law was faithfully carried out by a Republican Administration. But was the South satisfied?

Endless were the declarations of the North that slavery should not be interfered with in the States where it existed. These assurances were solemnly reiterated in the Inaugural of President Lincoln. But was the South satisfied?

At last she attempted the disruption of the American Union, and now, I ask you, is she to have that too?

PEACE OR PIECES.

From the Philadelphia North American.

THIS is now the real issue. On the one hand we have the Republican party, with President Lincoln as its standard-bearer, advocating a policy which is the only road to a real, permanent peace—that is the suppression of the rebellion by force of arms. On the other hand we have the Copperhead party, demanding an immediate cessation of hostilities, which involves the independence of the rebel confederacy or the division of the whole Union into half a dozen different republics. Here, then, we have the contrast—peace on the basis of liberty and Union, to be secured to us by the prosecution of the war to a triumphant conclusion, or to let the Republic go to pieces under the auspices of the Copperheads.

In fact, the Democratic party has ever maintained the policy of splitting the Republic into pieces, its clamor of "State rights" being that alone. As construed by Calhoun and the school of politicians which he founded, "State rights" was simply an ingenious plan for weakening the bonds which bound the States together under the flag of the Union; for substituting a multitude of nationalities for one, and thus gradually paving the way for internal wars, standing armies, passports, etc. Hence the Democratic party now does not want peace, but pieces. The integrity and solidity of the Republic find no place in its creed. It desires to substitute for the old Union a new one, as vague and misty as the German league, the metes and bounds of which no man can tell. Peace can come to us through no such agency as this, for should we be foolish enough to trust it, we should speedily find ourselves launched forth upon an ocean of hopeless strife, without any great principles to contend for, and with a necessity, which we could not escape, to fight on.

National Anti-Slavery Standard,

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1864.

UNDER WHICH KING?

THIS rebellion is destined to prove the very opposite of the doctrine which it was undertaken to establish. Jefferson Davis, in his conversation with Mr. Gilmore and his companion at Richmond, let fall the actual motive of the secession and of the war carried on to maintain it. Or, rather, he made a boast of it, making it the key-note of his whole discourse. The slaveholders revolted that the political doctrine of the sovereignty of the people—of the government of the majority—might be overthrown, and the few set over the many in undisputed supremacy. They saw from the beginning of the discussion of the slavery question that the masses of the people would, in due time, become too enlightened as to their own interests, to permit the engrossing of power by the slaveholders and their creatures. The progress in public sentiment had been too marked to be blinked, and, though the growth of anti-slavery feeling and opinion seemed slow and sluggish to the eyes of the Abolitionists, it looked to the slaveholders formidably and fatally rapid. They, therefore, meant to be beforehand with it and to stop its career by a *coup d'état*. Relying on their faithful retainers in the free States, whose impudence and noisiness made them appear more numerous than they were, they began the process of secession, without an apprehension of serious resistance, and without any intention of staying long outside of the Union. They scorned the proffers of prominent Republicans of all that had been the nominal matter in dispute. The permission of slavery to pass over the frontiers of the territories was too contemptible a bribe to win them back. And, besides, the Dred Scott decision had declared Congress incompetent to pass laws forbidding them to do so, and all enactments to that effect unconstitutional and void. They aimed at a higher prize. Such an alteration in the Constitution as should depose the Sovereign People and invest an oligarchy of men-stealers with an absolute fullness of dominion, which nothing but Northern revolution would destroy. On such terms they would have deigned to return and assume the direction of our affairs again.

In the Autumn of 1860 and the Winter of 1861 things looked as if these expectations were not absurd and extravagant. The imbecility of the government of Buchanan, the helpless condition of the nation through the traitorous thieveries of Floyd and his gang, the silence of the good and the noisy insolence of the bad, made many men doubt whether there were virtue enough left in the people to save them from the doom thus appointed for them. And many of the best and wisest men deemed that a final separation from the revolted States would be the best solution of the whole question that we could possibly hope for. But Sumter put that doubt at rest. The delays and hesitations had arisen only from a natural reluctance to engage in a civil war, with all its doubtful and dreadful issues, if it could be avoided, and not from any desperate purpose to lie down and die. The Sovereign People showed in an hour that it had no idea of being pushed from its stool without a determined fight for it. The majority made it plain that it was not disposed to surrender to the minority at discretion. And the blatant sycophants of the rebels, who made day and night hideous with their treasonous bellowings, were struck dumb in its presence. As soon as civil war was inevitable, and had been begun, the nation girded itself up to the fight, and treason, which had just before lifted up its crest as if it could defy the world, slunk into holes and corners and remained out of sight until the brood of Copperheads it had hatched in the dark crawled abroad, soon to be crushed never to hiss or strike again. And for three and a half years the battle has been going on which is to decide whether the many or the few are to control the destinies of this continent. It has been the instinctive feeling of this truth, if not a logical reception of it, that has filled the ranks of the army and kept alive the resolute purpose of the masses at home, whose industry sustain the army, and from whose numbers its ranks are recruited. The people refuse to surrender their right to govern themselves, either at the solicitation of Wood and Winthrop, or to the threats of Davis and Lee. The Republican principle is the matter at issue in this war, and it will triumph and be established forever.

And it is not only in the field that this mighty question is to be contested. It is the point to be settled at the polls next month. Grant and Lee before Richmond, Lincoln and McClellan before the nation, stand for the two opposite ideas. Whoever is dissatisfied with self-government and would choose rather to have that trouble taken off his hands by the lords of the lash and the branding-iron, will cast his vote for Jefferson Davis in the person of his viceroy, George B. McClellan. Whoever would vindicate for himself and his children the right of the majority to decide the complexion of their laws and their policy will vote for the reëlection of President Lincoln. The majority of the Union men of the North have thought him the fittest person to represent them before the world, and it becomes us of the minority, who might have chosen rather another, to yield to its decision and to help to make that majority overwhelming in the nation. The very faults of deliberation and delay, which have been the hardest for us to bear with, have, after all, proceeded from this very recognition of the rights of the majority. He did not choose to proceed to the step of emancipation till he was well assured that the voice of the nation would sustain him. We thought that he was too slow to believe and too unwilling to see the signs of the times. We still think he would have done more wisely had he acted sooner. But he was the one to decide the time and the manner, and not we. Every election which has taken place since the First of January, 1863, has been a vote taken for and against his Proclamation, and, with unimportant exceptions, the Voice of the People has proved itself the Voice of God, in confirming that Decree of Justice and Freedom. The election next month will be most emphatically of all a confirmation or a rejection of that great Act of Deliverance. Though it is beyond the power of the President to rescind that noble instrument, thereby turning freemen into slaves, and though it be not within the competency of the Supreme Court, as we believe, to disturb its legal effect, yet, should Gen. McClellan succeed, we may be sure that neither law nor equity will stand in the way of the *coup d'état* which shall restore at once the bondage of the blacks and the vassalage of the whites. Let it never be forgotten that the question to be decided next month, is whether slavery shall be reëstablished where the Proclamation has abolished it, and with it the power of the oligarchy which rests on that slavery over us and our children, if not forever, at least till we have broken its chains in another and a more desperate civil war.

We think that the signs are very hopeful that the verdict of the nation will give death to slavery and life to itself. We believe that the necessary connection of these two ideas has been growing more and more distinct in men's minds. The Union triumph in Indiana, especially, shows how much weaker treason is in what it believed to be its strongest Northern hold, than even true men had feared. The treasonable secret society which was so well organized there, and which extends its ramifications everywhere, in greater or lesser strength, thought that it held the sword in its hand which would make the scale of the Union to kick the beam. But, in the light of discovery, where is it? The whole soil of the Free States was undermined with conspiracies equally sanguine and wicked before Sumter, but they never dared to show their heads when the people were once aroused. We believe the number of Northern traitors is proportionally much less now than then, and we anticipate their utter discomfiture next month. The people have no more purpose of yielding their right of self-government, and suffering themselves to be driven by a handful of slave-drivers whither they will, now than then. The eyes of multitudes then held that they should not see, are now opened to the truth that there can be no freedom for themselves as long as slavery is tolerated for any one. They now see that universal liberty is the only security for any liberty at all. The alternative is plainly before them, of freedom with the self-government of the majority, or slavery with the tyranny of the few. We do not believe that the Sovereign People will put off the crown from its own head, to lay it at the feet of Jefferson Davis. The republic will survive. It is the slaveocracy that is to die.

THE EMPTY BENCH.

THE Confederacy must have been in doleful dumps last week. First it witnessed the defeat of the Peace faction in three important States of the Union, with the comfortable assurance of a repetition in November, securing the reëlection of Mr. Lincoln beyond peradventure. Then came the vote in Maryland, which forever debars the South from prefixing the possessive "my" to that emancipated State. And in the midst of these disasters a third—who knows but as great if not greater than either?—Chief Justice Taney died at last. We do not say this mockingly. His time as an ordinary dweller upon the face of the earth was full, and men long ago looked to see the fall of the leaf which has now come fluttering to the ground. But, in the broader aspect of the case, he had so far outlived his proper age that death would have been a mercy had it come a dozen or twenty years earlier. He lived long enough to attach an indelible stain to his memory, and to render his demise a godsend to the cause of liberty and country.

Had the late Chief Justice been strong in character, men's judgments, now that he is gone, would probably have been harsher than they are. He was a weak, amiable, and, it is said, tender-hearted old man, much more to be commiserated than censured; and his departure is too welcome, at this juncture, to encourage even a faithful verdict upon his past career. Yet whoever undertakes to write history in a grave-yard can never satisfactorily account for the existence of evil in this world, nor evade the ever-present fact of human responsibility. To tell the simple truth will oftentimes be enough, without arraignment, conviction or sentence, which may be left to the Upper Bar. When posterity, studying the history of our body politic, discovers the foulest of all its defilements, it will be sufficient for the record to stand—*The Dred Scott Decision by Roger B. Taney.* Enumerate the private virtues which he had in common with humbler and less favored citizens—what will the Hereafter care for them all in the presence of this notorious infamy? Let those who are interested in the disproof of total depravity enlarge upon the traces of human feeling in a life which culminated in the most signal inhumanity of the century. The spot still rests upon the tablet: the fingers of an outraged race will point to it forever.

This man had an important part, under Providence, in the salvation of his native land to liberty. He added, at the fateful moment, his heavy hand to the already crushing yoke of despotism, and stirred the Northern people to a livelier sense of their danger and a sterner resolution to resist their well-nigh consummated subjugation. In the train of causes which led to the uprisings in 1856 and 1860, Douglas and Taney were conspicuous and indispensable, serving, as they thought, most effectively their satanic employer, but in reality the instruments of a higher power, and contributors to an end, precisely opposite to what they had in view. Both have departed the scene of their ill-renown, and both at a time when their prolonged existence would have been fraught with peril to the Republic. The philosopher, regarding merely the unity of the drama in which these characters were inseparable from the catastrophe, may prefer to admire the conversion of their trespasses into constituent elements of the Divine plan; the moralist can only scrutinize them in the light of intelligent actors, deliberately choosing their rôles—to murder Liberty in her arbor by dropping poison in her ear, rather than to serve and defend her with manly loyalty.

The death of the Chief Justice will remove a very reasonable fear from the breasts of all true friends of the Union. So long as the Supreme Court contained a preponderance of pro-slavery judges, the Proclamation of Freedom seemed but to sweep and garnish the nation to be after all an asylum for devils worse than its outcast occupants. The President, we cannot help thinking, has been singularly weak in regard to his own edict—never, indeed, expressing regret for it nor a distrust of its perfect legality, but allowing, nevertheless, that its validity might be denied by the Supreme Court, and was in fact dependent upon the decisions of that body. We have always insisted in these columns, and do still insist, that the Proclamation has no business to be found upon the docket of any Court, high or low, since it emanated from a source which is superior to civil enactments—the right of self-defence in time of war—and is a pure and simple part of the military operations of the day. Had Mr. Lincoln never conceded so much as he has, in this particular; had he always referred to his Proclamation as a measure that needed not to be justified, an irrevocable pledge, a law as enduring as the Pyramids; the supreme tribunal of the country might have been awed into acquiescence. To suggest the possession of a power is frequently to tempt to its exercise, and such was our critical relation to Judge Taney and his associates up to the evening of the 12th inst. The spell is now broken. The vacancy can be filled by the President in the interest of universal freedom, and in accordance with the advance of public sentiment since the war began. It may still be necessary to consider, when we come to revise our Constitution and machinery of government, how far the authority now attributed to the Supreme Court can be safely entrusted to it. For the present it suffices to chain the bench to the car of progress, and to make it an auxiliary in the restoration of the commonwealth. Many names are already suggested for a successor to the late Chief Justice. No nomination seems so fitting or so widely acceptable—not to say expected—as that of the ex-Secretary of the Treasury.

A TENDER WHICH IS NOT MET.

THE "sympathy" for our soldiers which the Democratic party embodied in their sixth resolution at Chicago has not been returned very extensively. Putting aside the rejection of that platform by our ablest commanders in the field, the rank and file who were tested in the late elections exhibited but little reciprocity of feeling for those by whom they are held in commiseration. Few indeed of the Pennsylvania or Ohio volunteers employed their right of suffrage for the benefit of a party which had striven to deprive them of it. Few were guilty of the folly of voting in a manner to condemn their ballots even as they threw them, and to turn the instrument of franchise to their own disfranchisement in the event of victory at the polls. "No, thank you," was the substance, if not in every case the polite phraseology, of the soldiers' answer to the Democratic proffer. For what man, in or out of the army, could discover any proof of "hearty and earnest sympathy" in the conduct of the Democratic party these four years past? They have denied the necessity of the war—they have prophesied its failure to accomplish the object for which it was undertaken—they have maintained the State rights doctrine, and justified the theory of secession—they have emasculated the Constitution by stripping it of the power to preserve itself against assault, and to make its preservation paramount to all other interests or establishments. In Congress they have opposed appropriations indispensable to the success and even continuance of military operations—they objected to an equal distribution of the burthen of service by means of an impartial draft—they postponed as long as they were able the increase of our effective forces by the enlistment of colored men—they defeated every proposition to treat with severity offenders against the rules of civilized warfare and the law of nations—in short, they cast so many obstructions in the way of the national purpose as to prolong, needlessly and wickedly, the prosecution of hostilities, and consequently the sufferings of our soldiers and the distress of all the people. Our blue-coats might inquire what Democratic communities or officials have been conspicuous in their kind reception of returning veterans; how much appreciation of their glorious achievements was exhibited at Chicago by pronouncing the entire campaign a failure; how much sympathy for their toils, in the effort to neutralize the advantages of victory—to rescue by an armistice an almost vanquished adversary, and to raise him up ten times stronger than if he had never touched the earth. "Sympathy, call you this? then the less of it the better; and the more of you we meet in arms on the other side of our lines, the better."

The unchangeable Democracy, who intend to conduct themselves "in the future as in the past," could not be content with an expression of "sympathy" for the soldiers of the Republic. They promised, provided they obtain political control of the government, to bestow "all the care and protection, regard and kindness," which our defenders have "so nobly earned." New cause for gratitude? Yes, if Copperhead rhetoric could butter army parsnips.

> "Counsel fair and words they gave me,
> Crowned with honors they fain would have me:
> Told me fame was a fickle thing,
> Said they would take me under their wing."

The patriot soldier tears a leaf from the past and makes a reasonable guess at the future. He turns to July, 1863, in the city of New York—the Northern capital of the Confederacy and the fountain-head of the Peace Democracy, who then and there "attained their power." He remembers what two colors were struck down in those days, wherever met—the black and the blue—complexion and uniform; when to be a soldier of the United States was even more perilous than to be a "nigger." He recalls the fate of one of his comrades, among the earliest victims of the Democratic ascendancy, who was toppled over the East river cliffs, and his mangled body half buried beneath rocks hurled upon it from above. He recalls with shuddering and indignation the incredible fate of Col. O'Brien, who perished because of the overwhelming "care and protection, regard and kindness," which were visited upon him—lone object of "sympathy," in the midst of ministering thousands! These and similar memories stir to no gentle mood our soldier, as he paces his beat in front of Petersburg, or on the defences of Atlanta. With teeth more set than usual he hums the second verse from Heine—

> "But, in spite of their protestation,
> I should have died from sheer starvation,
> Had there not come a worthy friend,
> Boldly my fortunes to defend."

Emphatic tread and a firmer grip of his musket indicate plainly enough the "worthy friend" of his reliance.

THRIFT AMONG THE FREEDMEN.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SIR: A little space in your paper is asked to record a fact that marks the progress of the Freedmen of Port Royal. The colored Methodists of Hilton Head, under the pastoral charge of Rev. James Lynch, have just completed a church capable of seating nearly four hundred persons. It is a decent building, with quite an air of comfort and taste. Last Sabbath, 25th inst., they raised a large flag over it and solemnly consecrated it to the use of Divine worship. Several ministers from the North assisted Mr. Lynch in the consecration. One hundred and fifty dollars was the amount of a collection raised on the occasion.

When it is rembered that, with the exception of seventy-five dollars, the Freedmen themselves, without aid from government or any other quarter, built this church, it speaks very creditably for them.

ONE WHO WAS PRESENT.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—The Office of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society has been removed to the Stationery Store of T. E. Chapman, No. 5 South-Fifth street.

Money received on account of the NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD and forwarded to the publication office at New York as usual. Single numbers of the STANDARD for sale only at the Book Store of T. B. Pugh, South-west corner of Sixth and Chesnut streets. See his advertisement.

Office hours from 10 a.m. till 2 p.m.

BENJAMIN C. BACON, Cor. Sec'y.

MARYLAND.

WE buckle to-day a fig from the thistle of rebellion. The bloody conspiracy for the perpetuity of slavery is branded before all the world as the stupendous "how not to do it." The Confederacy which claimed of right and endeavored to embrace every foot of slaveholding soil in the old Union, is extruded not more forcibly by arms than by the civil action—the spontaneous social revolution—of the State of Maryland from her borders. The new Constitution, defeated narrowly on the home vote, but rescued unto life and validity by the vote of the soldiers, now supplants Slavery with Freedom from the Potomac to the Pennsylvania line, and renders Baltimore the capital of the youngest of the free States. Emancipation is immediate and uncompensated; and if this result—the assimilation of Maryland to Massachusetts—is Time's revenge for the 19th of April, 1861, so is it not less for that imprisonment in 1830 which Mr. Garrison endured, and which he lives to see atoned-for, as he alone wished it to be, by the regeneration of the people which persecuted him.

True it is that slavery died hard, and the odds against her were fearfully small. But they were sufficient; and every man who voted for the right may with humility thank God that he perhaps was the saviour of the State. Great was the controversy—slavery banding all its resources and bringing out its full strength at the polls, whipping-in every perjurer who was, or needed not to be, persuaded by Reverdy Johnson into taking an oath which would have seared an honest lip; and as free as great—Federal bayonets not preventing the registering of so many disloyal votes that the Constitution gasped like a new-born babe, and had well-nigh lost its breath altogether. Honor to the enlisted sons of Maryland who recognized at home the foe with whom they were familiar on the battle-field! The war has paid for itself. The losses of the disenthralled community, of men and money, are dust in the balance beside the weighty gain of this glorious transformation, by which a people that walked in darkness have seen a great light. The war has paid for itself, also, with the nation at large, which has not purchased the redemption of Maryland at too great a price. The Republic becomes more homogeneous than ever; the obligation of the United States to guaranty each State a Republican form of government is lightened, though far from removed. Henceforth the school-boy, in his geography, and the statesman in his counsels will enumerate Maryland among the free States of the Union, and presently forget that she was at any time a stranger to the list.

Some outline of the new Constitution may be of interest to the reader. We are indebted for our extracts to an editorial article in the *Methodist*. Here are the preamble and several articles from the Declaration of Rights:

"We the people of the State of Maryland, grateful to Almighty God for our civil and religious liberty, and taking into our serious consideration the best means of establishing a good Constitution in this State for the sure foundation and more permanent security thereof, declare:

"Article 1. That we hold it to be self-evident, that all men are created equally free, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, the enjoyment of the proceeds of their own labor, and the pursuit of happiness.

"Art. 2. That all government of right originates from the people, is founded in compact only, and instituted solely for the good of the whole; and they have at all times the unalienable right to alter, reform, or abolish their form of government in such manner as they may deem expedient.

"Art. 3. That the people of this State ought to have the sole and exclusive right of regulating the internal government and police thereof.

"Art. 6. That all persons invested with the legislative or executive powers of government are the trustees of the public, and as such, accountable for their conduct; wherefore, whenever the ends of government are perverted, and public liberty manifestly endangered, and all other means of redress are ineffectual, the people may, and of right ought to reform the old or establish a new government. The doctrine of non-resistance against arbitrary power and oppression is absurd, slavish, and destructive of the good and happiness of mankind."

It was not to be expected that freedom and the elective franchise should both be bestowed upon the slaves; but the latter must follow the former as the night the day, and sooner or later the people of Maryland will perceive the wisdom and the justice of such a measure. Those Counties which have voted most heavily against emancipation will not be at pains to smooth the working of the new Constitution, especially in the matter of education, to be noticed hereafter; and it would not be surprising if this circumstance alone should hasten the enfranchisement of the blacks, as the only means of preserving the equilibrium of the State. Here is the article concerning suffrage:

"Art. 7. That the right of the people to participate in the Legislature is the best security of liberty, and the foundation of all free government; for this purpose elections ought to be free and frequent, and every free white male citizen having the qualifications prescribed by the Constitution, ought to have the right of suffrage."

Gag-laws and Judge Lynch are thus disposed of:

"Art. 10. That freedom of speech and debate, or proceedings in the Legislature, ought not to be impeached in any court of judicature.

"Art. 40. That the liberty of the press ought to be inviolably preserved; that every citizen of the State ought to be allowed to speak, write, and publish his sentiments on all subjects, being responsible for the abuse of that liberty."

The edict of emancipation is contained in

"Art. 24. That hereafter, in this State, there shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except in punishment of crime, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted: and all persons held to service or labor as slaves are hereby declared free."

The ignorance upon which the security of slavery rests is dispelled by

"Art. 43. That the Legislature ought to encourage the diffusion of knowledge and virtue, the extension of a judicious system of general education, the promotion of literature, the arts, science, agriculture, commerce, and manufactures, and the general melioration of the condition of the people."

Remarkable as is the abolition of slavery without provision for the losses of owners—these being apparently swallowed up in the immense advantages accruing to the mass of the population—scarcely less so are the stringent disfranchisement and disqualification from holding office of all who have in any way assisted the rebellion. The "oath of allegiance" in the mouths of rebels is appreciated at its just value by the people of Maryland. From the Constitution we extract this section:

"Sec. 4. No person who has at any time been in armed hostility to the United States or the lawful authorities thereof, or who has been in any manner in the service of the so-called 'Confederate States of America,' and no person who has voluntarily left this State and gone within the military lines of the so-called Confederate States or armies with the purpose of adhering to said States or armies, and no person who has given any aid, comfort, countenance, or support to those engaged in armed hostility to the United States, or in any manner adhered to the enemies of the United States, either by contributing to the enemies of the United States, or unlawfully sending within the lines of such enemies, money, or goods, or letters, or information, or who has disloyally held communication with the enemies of the United States, or who has advised any person to enter the service of the said enemies, or aided any person so to enter, or who has by any open deed or word declared his adhesion to the cause of the enemies of the United States, or his desire for the triumph of said enemies over the arms of the United States, shall ever be entitled to vote at any election to be held in this State, or to hold any office of honor, profit, or trust under the laws of this State, unless since such unlawful acts he shall have voluntarily entered into military service of the United States, and been honorably discharged therefrom, or be, on the day of election, actually and voluntarily in such service, or unless he shall be restored to his full rights of citizenship by an act of the General Assembly passed by a vote of two-thirds of all the members elected to each House."

To ensure the extinction of slavery, the following penalty is attached to any offending slaveholder:

"Any person who shall, after this Constitution shall have gone into effect, detain in slavery any person emancipated by the provisions of this Constitution, shall, on conviction, be fined not less than five hundred dollars, nor more than five thousand dollars, or be imprisoned not more than five years; and any of the judges of this State shall discharge, on *habeas corpus*, any person so detained in slavery."

The "code of honor" is emphatically disavowed by forbidding any participant in a duel—as principal or second—from afterwards holding any office of trust or profit in the State. We conclude with the *Methodist's* summary of the provisions for free education at the expense of the State:

"Most liberal provisions are made for popular education. A Superintendent of Public Instruction is to be appointed by the Governor, who is to receive a salary of $2,500 a year, besides travelling and other expenses, and is to hold office for four years. A State Board of Education is to be organized, consisting of the Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, Speaker of the House, and Superintendent of Public Instruction. It is also made the duty of this latter officer to report to the first session of the General Assembly a uniform system of free public schools. It is made the duty of the General Assembly to provide a system of public schools by which tuition will be afforded free of expense in each school district for at least six months in each year; and in case the General Assembly shall fail to perform this duty, the system reported by the Superintendent of Public Instruction, if consistent with the Constitution, shall become the system of the State. For the support of the schools an annual tax of ten cents on each hundred dollars of taxable property is provided for; additional taxes may be levied on particular Counties, if agreed to by popular vote in those Counties. An annual tax of five cents on the hundred dollars is also to be levied for the formation of a permanent school fund. When this fund shall amount to six millions of dollars, its interest *only* shall be applied to the support of common schools, when the former tax of ten cents on the hundred dollars may be discontinued in whole or in part, as the Legislature may direct."

In the goodly race thus begun, what slave State shall have the honor of coming in second? Is it to be Delaware, or Missouri, or Kentucky? Is there virtue enough in these States to permit of a popular movement from within? or are the tedious processes of the war to be awaited? The choice is not for always, and the result is equally certain.

POLITICAL.

The Springfield *Republican* is responsible for the surprising statement, "that Caleb Cushing refuses all invitations to speak publicly in McClellan's behalf, and privately denounces the Chicago platform as treason."

WENDELL PHILLIPS is announced to speak at Cooper Institute, Wednesday evening, Oct. 26, on the Presidential Election. It will be his first and only address in this city during the Presidential campaign.

There is one drawback to the triumph of the Union party in Ohio. It is feared that Ashley of the Toledo District is defeated. The majority against him on the home vote is 700, and as his competitor is a wounded soldier, it is doubted whether the soldier's vote will help him out.

Ex-Secretary Chase, in a recent speech at Covington, thus maintained the legality and the morality of the President's Proclamation:

"The Constitution provided for raising armies, and made the President Commander-in-Chief. It gave him, therefore, full power to take all steps necessary to the effectual prosecution of the war. The best statesmen in the land have said, and the proposition has passed unchallenged, that in case of insurrection or foreign war, the institution of slavery must be subject to such disposal as the national interests should require. In other words, that with insurrection in a slaveholding State, the whole power over slavery must pass to the National government. In my judgment, when insurrection gave the President power over slavery, with that power came the duty to put an end to it. Mr. Lincoln was bound to do that which was necessary for the salvation of the Republic."

At a meeting held in Baltimore by the friends of the new Constitution for Maryland, the following letter was read from President Lincoln:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, Washington, Oct. 10.

To Hon. HENRY W. HOFFMAN:

MY DEAR SIR: A Convention of Maryland has formed a new Constitution for the State. A public meeting is called for this evening, to aid in securing its ratification by the people. You ask a word from me for the occasion. I presume the only feature of the instrument about which there is serious controversy is that which provides for the extinction of slavery. It needs not to be a secret, and I presume it is no secret, that I wish success to this provision. I desire it on every consideration. I wish all men to be free. I wish the material prosperity of the already free, which I am sure the extinction of slavery would bring. I wish to see in process of disappearing that only thing which would ever bring this nation to civil war. I attempt no argument upon the question. It is already exhausted by the abler, better informed, and more immediately interested sons of Maryland herself. I only add that I shall be gratified exceedingly if the good people of the State shall by their vote ratify the new Constitution.

Yours truly, A. LINCOLN.

The Boston *Transcript* thus catches the adversary tripping:

"It has been a common practice of Democrats in this section of the country when charged with advocating or apologizing for slavery, to repel the charge as an Abolition slander, and to claim that Democrats would gladly see slavery abolished, but it must be done in a Constitutional manner. The people of Maryland have had an opportunity to express their desires on the subject, and on a report that they are not prepared to rid themselves of the evil, the Democrats of Massachusetts are more rejoiced than they would be at a victory of Grant, Sherman or Sheridan over the rebels.

"The *Post* of this morning makes the continued hugging of slavery an especial subject of congratulation

lacking two, as days in the month, have spoken in each, have tarried at railroad depots, have seen the crowds on cars, and I prophesy an overwhelming vote in November on the side of liberty.

The foe is cowed, he does not "talk fustion to his own shadow" on the cars as he did a month ago, and though "he swaggers and swears" at the great mass meetings (I have met a dozen of them), it is precisely from the same cause that made Cassio cry out two hundred years ago, "He has put an enemy in his mouth to steal away his brains."

It is true the slimy foe is wily. He knows how to fascinate the "unwashed and uncombed," not exactly by his glittering eye, but the glittering glass bottle has the same effect, and there is—there's no disputing it—*an Egypt in Illinois*, darker than the Rule of Pharaoh ever spoke into life, that may mass itself in the absence of the noble soldiers. But it is hard to believe that such moral blackness can be in this magnificent State, which in these Autumn days is like one great estate of wealth and beauty.

So you see I am at work in the same old cause. But who shall tell the difference of public sentiment and feeling. I, a woman, may not only talk, but talk in the churches, talk Sabbath evenings, talk to gathered crowds, who, when I have ended my story of what I have seen, and heard, and felt, how the negroes that are allowed to do so, and can find places to work, are sustaining themselves, how eager they are for schools, how patiently and bravely they bear their present condition, trusting God and Master Linkum that better days are near at hand; these same crowds which three years ago would not have heard at all, rise up, and like children listening to a nursery rhyme, say: "Tell it again." Oh! what a relief it is, even to many real friends of freedom, to be told by one who has summered and wintered with contrabands, that they are really "intensely human," and can be lifted up by precisely the same lever that has made our Northmen so brave and strong—Liberty. To-day the court in M'Coupin County, it is said, is trying Gen. Palmer, of Atlanta notoriety, for violating the Humane laws of Illinois by bringing into the State a negro. These things will soon be among the things that were, and those engaged in them now will deny the faith ere another year rolls round.

F. D. GAGE.

GALESBURG, Ill., Oct. 9, 1864.

To the Editor of the National Anti-Slavery Standard.

I HAVE a recollection of writing you a cheery letter not long ago, in which I spoke of the successful work I was doing these Autumn days in lecturing to the people on the condition of the Freedmen. There may be in the minds of many a feeling that the days of lecturing are over, and that the slaves now free only need to be let alone. Not so; our work is only begun, and every one who speaks now in behalf of the rights of these men, to those who hitherto have looked upon them as made only for slaves—helps to drive more firmly the stakes of public feeling in behalf of Liberty.

So I was thinking, and feeling, and acting when my work came suddenly to an end, on the 29th evening of Sept. Being a very dark and rainy night, as I was returning from giving a lecture in the *basement* of Dr. Edward Beecher's church in this city—the carriage in which I rode was upset, and I was plunged into the ditch, breaking my ribs and otherwise injuring the left shoulder and lung—so that from that hour I have used little speech either at home or abroad, nor am I likely to do so for some days to come, though I am gaining, and, as you see, now able to sit up and write once more with my own right hand.

It is hard to lie by in times like these, and hear the great surging spirit of the day sweeping by, laden with the good and ill in store for the country—to listen to the voice of the crowd even through closed blinds and hear the shout for the rebel and the traitor mixing with the song of liberty—to dream away the hours and think how much there is to do, and how many too few hands to do it.

Yet I have not repined; out of this affliction shall come good to my soul. I have learned, as the racking pains paralyzed me, to feel more deeply for the soldier (for what are my hurts to his), to pray more fervently for his preservation, to look more calmly on this great sacrifice laid upon God's altars, that the coming liberty of all our people may be a thing more deeply and inestimably precious than ever in all the past.

The beautiful Autumn days go by. Day by day I look and see the deepening tints upon the forest trees over the way—crimson and gold and sapphire coming out on the frosted air—and the blackbirds settle in flocks in the tree to flit on the morrow to the South. The year rolls on and each day brings us nearer to the end of that great conflict which has filled the hearts of our nation with mourning and sadness. Oh! that these Autumn days may be the death struggles of this mighty rebellion against God and man, that November's sweeping blast may lay as bare the hopes and resources of the enemies of freedom as it shall the fields and forests—by preserving the nation in the hands of its friends—yet a mighty work have those friends to do. Every conquest for the Union releases a slave, and that slave released from his robbers will ask for help before the Spring days can come when he can help himself. Let no one in the midst of this great tumult forget that Winter is coming when the poor shall cry for bread, and cold and sickness take hold of the destitute. From my sick bed let me cry out, forget them not in this their fearful hour of extremity. As ye remember the wants of the soldier, so be mindful of the needs of the Freedmen and Union refugee. Slavery and war have despoiled them all. Help in this their hour of need, that the blessing of them that are ready to perish may come upon you.

FRANCES D. GAGE.

CRITICISM OF FREMONT.

To the Editor of the National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WHY is it that you *cannot* bury the hatchet that you so often hack Fremont with? Must you, from a sense of duty, keep up the fire that you opened upon him immediately after the Cleveland Convention? I thought Mr. Garrison went a good deal out of the way in his very interesting article on his visit to the great and good Gerrit Smith, to criticize and censure Fremont; and when I saw that you copied his strictures, I was almost *provoked* with you—in a non-resistance kind of way—I didn't like it in either of you. I wasn't *provoked* because I am a Fremonter myself, in any political sense, for I am not. I do not know him well enough to be *confident* of his fitness for the Presidency in a time like this; for Mr. Lincoln has not given him an opportunity to make himself known. I am *afraid* he did not mean to, being a little jealous of him. I confess, however, that I should rather run the risk of Fremont, under circumstances favorable to his election, than to run the risk of Lincoln. But I have no party feeling about the matter, and shall *probably* vote for Mr. Lincoln—though, if I do, it will be the first time I ever voted for a President. I don't make a vote mean so much as I used to. I am now trying to make it mean only a preference for an approach to Christian civilization under Mr. Lincoln, to Southern barbarism under Gen. McClellan.

But I object to so much unfriendly criticism of Fremont in our anti-slavery papers, because most of it seems to me unjust, and because it causes unnecessary alienation among brethren. Many of Mr. Fremont's friends generously withhold their criticism of Mr. Lincoln now, for the country's sake, and it seems to me you should reciprocate the generosity and let the Pathfinder rest for the present. Perhaps, however, you know him to be an unworthy, unreliable man, from private information that we do not get. If so, then you ought to keep up your fire, and also reveal him to us that we may join you against him. But the *public* facts in his case give him as fair a claim, at least, upon Abolitionists as Mr. Lincoln has—many think much fairer. And I would hope that, if public facts are all that you base your opposition upon, you would restrain that opposition a little for the sake of union in our anti-slavery fraternity. For I do know that you are alienating from you, and from the STANDARD, some of the truest friends the slave has—and that *you* have. Some of them are getting almost bitter towards you. I am sorry to say it, and to see it, but so it is. Bitterness, you know, begets bitterness, as love begets love. I think that some of these Fremonters, or more radical men, are too severe upon Mr. Lincoln, and almost morbid about him and his Administration. But some of them are not. They are now Lincoln men, of moral necessity, and genuine anti-slavery men—right true Garrisonians yet, notwithstanding Mr. Garrison's support of Mr. Lincoln and opposition to Fremont. They do not believe that he is a "Lost Leader"! They or and love him still. So I suggest that as so many articles against Fremont seem to them uncalled for and *unjust*, that fewer of them appear. But no, let them still come, rather than that liberty be restrained, but know this—that there is a great deal of alienation among brethren following them. So says one, in the most fraternal spirit to all, who desires and aims to be, as you also, no doubt do, on the side of

JUSTICE AND CHARITY.

WE are now sending out bills to subscribers in arrears for the STANDARD. Those who receive them will greatly oblige us by promptly remitting their dues. The expenses of publication have increased so much of late, that every dollar due from subscribers is needed to avert serious embarrassment. And if our friends, in sending their own subscriptions, would at the same time send us each the name and pay of one or more new subscribers, they would thereby render the most effective service to the cause, and do much to encourage the hearts and strengthen the hands of its managers. We are sure that many of our readers might, by an earnest trial, double and even quadruple the circulation of this paper in their respective neighborhoods. Will they not try?

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 16, 1864.

THE result of the election in Pennsylvania, Indiana and Ohio has greatly discouraged the McClellan leaders in this region. All of McClellan's candid friends now give him up. They feel *somewhat* encouraged by the result in Pennsylvania, but not much. On the other hand the Republicans are disappointed by the result in that State. They were confident of carrying it by a large majority on the home vote. For myself, I have never been over-confident of Pennsylvania. McClellan had strength there, it seemed to me, if he had any at all in any quarter. Pennsylvania is certain for Lincoln in November—not even a reverse in the field can change the result now. The Copperheads are trying to get up a financial panic, and are running gold up again to the old rates. It is purely a political speculation. The bulls cry out that if Mr. Lincoln is reelected, as they admit the October election render probable, that the war will last another four years, and the currency of the country will become comparatively worthless. Hence gold rises in value—legal tenders being the standard. The McClellan leaders hope something from this panic to produce a reaction, but fortunately, it is not the bankers, the gold speculators, and the men of money who give to Mr. Lincoln his big majorities. It is the great middle-class of the country which has never prospered better than since the war began. Whether they have or not the money—argument cannot be used with such effect upon them as upon men of business in our large cities.

Considerable anxiety is felt here for the result of the Presidential election in New York. Mr. Lincoln is to be our next President—that is certain as anything can be in the future; but it is of the utmost importance that he should be reëlected by a very large majority of the people. The issues are so profound that small majorities will not answer. In ordinary times it is of no particular importance *who* is President. If one man should not receive a majority of a hundred votes in the aggregate, no harm would occur. He might be sworn in and perform the duties of President without raising a murmur of disapprobation among the vanquished party in the opposition. But now it is a question of War or Peace—Slavery or Anti-Slavery, and a powerful minority can work mischief.

The city of New York it is expected will give a very large majority for McClellan. His friends here claim that it will run up to 30,000. If so, our friends in the country must see to it that it is overcome and far more. The army vote is sure for Lincoln. The New York regiments will vote three to one for him if they get a chance. I hear, however, that the State Agent is acting very unfairly, distributing only McClellan tickets, and offering to get furloughs for those who will agree to vote for McClellan, etc., etc. In spite of these drawbacks, the soldiers from New York will vote for the war and the Administration.

Chief Justice Taney is dead. One hardly knows what to say of such an event. He was, *as a man*, possessed of many virtues. Simple, unpretending in his manners, kind-hearted, inflexibly honest, he was universally beloved, yet no sane man can deny that history will make his name infamous hereafter, because of his celebrated decision against the rights of black men. I was struck in reading the report of a speech made in our District Supreme Court, by Mr. Coxe, upon the death of Judge Taney. Mr. Coxe is one of our oldest Washington lawyers, and has known Judge Taney well and long. Notice what he says:

"In regard to the character and strength of his intellect I can say, after a great deal of close observation, from association with him at the bar, and from my relations to him whilst presiding Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States, that he possessed to a degree beyond, I think, almost any man I have ever known, an acute and discriminating mind. *He was not so enlarged in some of his views as many others* with whom I have been on familiar terms, and in consequence of the state of his health and the peculiar position he occupied at the bar as a lawyer entirely devoted to country practice for so large a portion of his professional life, *he was not so familiar with the general subjects of constitutional law, with the law of nations, with maritime law, and with commercial law*, as many others whom I have known; but within the limited sphere in which his practice consisted, he had, beyond all comparison, the most acute and discerning mind I ever met with at the bar."

He was not familiar with "constitutional law," or with "the law of nations."

Mr. Coxe further said:

"He informed me, in one of our conversations, that such had been his state of health from the time he commenced the practice of his profession that he was never able to pursue a general, or even a systematic course of professional reading, much less of reading beyond the limits of his profession, and he was necessarily limited, by the infirm state of his health, to the immediate exigencies of the times. Yet, with all that feebleness of constitution, he retained his intellect to a degree which, considering his advanced age, is truly surprising, and until within the last ten days of his death, he never gave the slightest indication of a failure of his intellect."

From these admissions of a friend, speaking in eulogy of his character, one can discern the man as he was.

He was honest, simple-minded, narrow, not well-read either in law or in the general history of his country. In short, he was just the man to declare that black men had no rights under the Constitution. He had looked so long at the mere letter of the law that he had come to regard it as higher than anything else. The written Constitution, if it had declared murder right, *was right* to Judge Taney.

Mr. Forney says of him:

"He earned a great and just renown, after he was called by Gen. Jackson to the high place from which death has just removed him. He was accepted as the best embodiment of a pure and conscientious justice. Indeed, he became something sacred to all men's eyes. His simple habits, and his retired life, though doubtless compelled by his feeble health, gave him the repute of a Cato, who lived only to serve his country. But when slavery, long the bane of the Republic, sought to rule it, and demanded a decision from the Supreme Court, Roger B. Taney gave it. *That fatal decree, in great part, has been the source of all our woes.*"

The old man was deeply interested in whatever was transpiring in Maryland. The proposed new Constitution was disliked by him, but he was honest enough to differ from Reverdy Johnson in reference to the test-oath. Johnson, with that loose morality which has always characterized him, advised voters to take the oath for the sake of voting, though they did swear falsely, upon the ground that it was unconstitutional to offer it. Mr. Taney rejected this infamous doctrine with indignation. He was anxious that the new Constitution should be defeated, but not by perjury.

It was time that this man should give place to another person. I am willing to give him credit for purity of character and honesty of purpose, but his views belonged to the dark ages. In these days we must have men upon the Supreme Bench who believe in the rights of man, and who are not supporters of the vilest system under the sun.

It is expected here that the President will nominate Mr. Chase to the vacancy. It would be a most admirable appointment in every respect, and if Mr. Lincoln will do it the country will give him great credit for generosity as well as good judgment. There is no man in the country so fit for the place as Mr. Chase, and it is to be hoped that a small man will not be selected for it.

Gen. Grant, it is said, will make an attempt upon Petersburg, or Richmond, before the end of the present month. *This* time he will probably succeed. If he does the reckless speculators in gold will be pretty sure to come to "grief." They have been trying to coin money out of a political speculation during the last week, and all loyal and honest men hope that they will be caught in their own traps.

AVON.

Chronicles of the War.

Latest News in Brief.

No important engagement has taken place in any quarter since our last issue. Sheridan is still busied in closing the Shenandoah valley against all prospective raids, first by completing its desolation, and next by commanding the chief passes with fortified strongholds. Gen. Longstreet appears to have succeeded Early, but his only achievement thus far has been a precipitate escape from the battle which we offered him.

Hood has been active in Sherman's rear, but has accomplished little, his combination having been balked by the foresight of his antagonist. According to latest advices, the tables are now turned. Sherman is in Hood's rear, close enough to capture an occasional regiment in the pursuit, and to threaten a general collision at no distant day.

Some slight advances and reconnoissances on our part have been made before Richmond. The Dutch Gap canal approaches completion, under the efficient labor of certain Confederate prisoners who are tasting the quality of the treatment which their government imposes upon our colored captives. The enemy are at less pains to shell the canal than formerly.

No decisive action is reported in Missouri. Kansas is not unreasonably alarmed by the likelihood of another invasion.

There have been successful Federal expeditions in Louisiana and Florida.

The Army and the Negroes.

"EVERYWHERE THE AMERICAN GENERAL RECEIVES HIS MOST USEFUL AND RELIABLE INFORMATION FROM THE NEGRO, *who hails his coming as the harbinger of Freedom.*"—*Wm. H. Seward's Official Dispatch to Mr. Adams.*

ATROCIOUS TREATMENT OF OUR COLORED TROOPS AND THEIR OFFICERS.

A special correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press*, writing from Aiken's Landing, James River, under date of October 9, presents the following heart-sickening narrative:

The flag-of-truce boat New York is now at this landing, with six hundred or more officers and soldiers, exchanged and paroled by the rebel authorities, soon to steam for the North, and to enjoy by a reunion with relations and friends, family joys and associations so dear to the patriot and soldier.

In speaking of this party of returned prisoners, there is one feature which deserves especial mention. On board the New York are two officers of colored troops, who were captured while leading on their men—Capt. Wm. H. Legreaves, Company K, 30th U. S. C. T., and Lieut. Viers, of the 5th U. S. C. T. It would seem from this that the rebel authorities have resolved to exchange the officers of colored troops. The wisdom of such a course has, no doubt, been made plain by the determination of Gen. Butler to adhere only to what is right.

The capture and treatment of Capt. Legreaves furnishes a story of hellish barbarity which exceeds anything that has yet come from the land of chivalry. The following is his own statement, and the man who can read it without being shocked at the brutality which he suffered will certainly vote for Gen. McClellan; Capt. Legreaves was ordered, with his company, to charge upon the fort after the explosion of the mine in front of Petersburg. While pushing his way on, he found that a body of rebels had flanked him and got in his rear. His gallant company cut a way for him to get through several times with the colors, but he could not succeed on account of a gun-shot wound which he had received. While clinging to the old flag, he was bayoneted in both thighs and in the left shoulder, but continued to grasp the colors until he was rendered insensible by a blow upon the head.

Two rebel soldiers now dragged him to the rear to plunder him, as the firing was too severe where he was captured. Previous to this, he had shot four of the enemy, bayoneted one, and wrested a sabre out of the hands of a lad of thirteen, who attempted to run him through. He had the satisfaction of sending a ball through the mouth of the rebel who shot him through the leg. After he had been plundered of all of his valuables of which they could possess themselves, he was left with brutal curses.

In this condition he was found by two Union officers, who were also prisoners. They undertook to carry him to the rear on a shovel, whereupon a rebel Colonel took the shovel away, and threw it down an embankment, forbidding its use for any such purpose. The officers then found a stretcher, and were again about to bear the bleeding and almost insensible Captain from the field, when they were halted, and the Captain was thrown off the stretcher and placed where he was exposed to the shells of our army, the rebels saying, "Let us see how he can stand Yankee shells." One of them, striking and exploding within ten feet of him, covering him with dirt, caused him to wince, whereupon the rebs mocked at him with boisterous laughter. Seeing the effect of his shrinking, he remained firm while these missiles were exploding around him, but, fortunately, was not injured.

Some rebels, more humane than others, again put him upon a stretcher, carried him some six or eight yards out of the way of danger, and left him upon the banks of a ravine. A rebel soldier passing by him remarked that he was too comfortable, and giving the stretcher a kick, knocked it from under him, and he fell into the ditch, where he remained in his helpless condition for over two hours. Some one, not recognized by the sufferer in his exhausted condition, placed him upon the stretcher again, where he laid pleading and begging for water. The rebels passed by him heedless of his entreaties, until one, more heartless than the rest, actually spat tobacco juice into his wounded side and face, saying that was water enough for him. Others taunted him by pointing to the helpless wounded colored troops by his side, suffering equally with himself, saying, "Ask your niggers to get it for you."

In this state, neglected, insulted, and exhausted by his painful wounds, he became delirious, and he was informed, on coming to his senses, that he had said a great many harsh things against the South and its cause, for which he was to be immediately hung, a rope having already been obtained. Several of them, abusing him in the most violent manner, declared that they ought to hang "the d—d nigger."

The Captain was then carried to the hospital in Petersburg, where more indignities and outrages greeted him. Being the first officer of negro troops ever seen in Petersburg, he was a curiosity, and attracted crowds of visitors. In his almost dying condition they had the courage to abuse and taunt him. At very long intervals some one would come to him with a look of compassion and a word of comfort. Only such would hand him water to drink.

When he was carried to the hospital he was placed between two colored soldiers, who were both wounded in the abdomen, and when they moved, or attempted to raise themselves, the blood would spirt through their wounds over the Captain. Before these suffering negroes died the most unpleasant substances were emitted through their perforated abdomens. After their death the next two worst cases that could be found from among the wounded colored troops were placed each side of him.

Among the many who visited Capt. Legreaves was Gov. Henry A. Wise, who, as on a former occasion, was not at all frightened on approaching the bleeding and prostrate body of an old man. The ex-Governor, now Gen. Wise, after looking at the negroes beside him, asked the Captain how he liked his position. He replied that he had no complaints to make. This valiant General, with a view of wounding his feelings, remarked that "you ought to lie in bed with one of them niggers." Such, and many more, were the outrages to which this wounded defender of the Union was obliged to submit while in the hospital at Petersburg, where he remained until September 17th. He was captured on the 20th of July.

The wards in this hospital were built to accommodate fifty-five patients, yet the rebels cram one hundred and fifty into each.

Capt. Legreaves was moved to Libby Prison in Richmond, where he received the same treatment which was accorded to other officers, of which the public has already been fully informed. He comes back on crutches a mere wreck of his former self. The Captain has witnessed the rebels bayoneting wounded colored troops begging piteously to be spared. In the charge before Petersburg, the enemy rushed them with the cry of no quarter, and afterwards slaughtered the wounded without mercy. He saw a rebel officer place the muzzle of a pistol to the head of five dying negroes and blow their brains out. He saw a colored soldier across whose eyes a ball had passed, effectually blinding him and coming out of the top of his head, and, in addition to that, had his left arm broken in two places. The Captain asked him if he would fight again should he recover, and his reply was that he would do so much harder the next time. This poor, dying colored soldier was sitting upon the edge of a ditch, begging for water, when a young rebel officer came along and kicked him into the ditch, where he remained for over two hours. He was taken out by our own soldiers, and died soon after.

Such is the brutal treatment which colored soldiers and their officers have received from the enemy, and such they will continue to receive until the government shall demand for its colored soldiers and their officers the same usage which is accorded to other troops among civilized nations. I am glad to learn that the Captain and a Second Lieutenant, whose name I have not heard, were demanded from the rebel authorities. If this is so, it will give great cause for rejoicing, that the policy of the government in this respect has been successful, and our emaciated prisoners, who have been so long incarcerated in Southern dungeons, will soon be set at liberty.

Lieut. J. B. Viers, of the 5th U. S. Colored Troops, was captured by the enemy in the recent "on to Richmond" movement. His regiment having suffered a temporary repulse, he fell into the enemies hands badly wounded in the leg. He saw the rebels killing wounded colored soldiers, and from the insolent manner that they cursed and threatened him, he expected to share the fate of his men. With an oath they would ask him if he was not ashamed to command niggers, and he would reply that he was proud to be an officer of such organizations. The Lieutenant was wounded on the 29th ult., but his wound was not dressed until the following day, when some young surgeons were, for the sake of practice, very anxious to amputate his leg. He begged so hard that they yielded, and, hardly half attending to it, they had him chucked into an ambulance, which, over a very rough road, went to Richmond on a gallop.

It is the Lieutenant's impression that he owes his parole to a mistake—the Second Lieutenant of colored troops, who had been demanded by the government, was released the day before. It is supposed the rebel authorities forgot the fact, and as Lieut. Viers was the only officer of that grade and kind in the same ward, he was paroled. Let us hope, however, that it was not a mistake, but that the rebels are going to respect all the officers and soldiers in the uniform of the government.

GEN. BUTLER'S POLICY.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE JAMES, IN THE FIELD }
NEAR RICHMOND, Wednesday, Oct. 12, 1864. }

Maj.-Gen. Butler, having ascertained through the testimony of deserters and others, that the rebel authorities had placed our negro soldiers, captured in recent engagements, at hard labor on their fortifications in our front, by neglect to furnish them rations, thereby compelling them to sell their clothes to the Confederate soldiers for food, has this day notified Commissioner Ould, by flag of truce, that he shall place a like number of rebel prisoners at work in Dutch Gap, under fire, in retaliation therefor.

Eighty-seven men were ordered from City Point this evening, and will be set at work as above stated, unless a satisfactory answer shall be received from the Rebel Commissioner by eleven o'clock to-morrow. It is understood that an additional number of rebel prisoners will be ordered here for the same destination immediately.

STILL FURTHER TESTIMONY.

I notice in Sunday's *Times*, says a correspondent of that paper, writing from the front, an editorial paragraph, which hoped, for the sake of our common humanity, that there was room to doubt the published statement respecting the shocking barbarities practiced by the enemy upon our wounded in the late movement on the left of the Army of the Potomac. I fear there was too much ground for the terrible assertion, as the following well-authenticated correspondence respecting the murder of wounded negro soldiers shows:

FIELD HOSPITAL, ARMY OF THE JAMES, }
IN THE FIELD, Oct. 12, 1864. }

MAJOR: I have the honor to transmit herewith a communication from Major Wm. H. Hart, Thirty-sixth U. S. Colored Troops, in which he reports the statement made to him by Lieut. Viers, Fifth U. S. Colored Troops, concerning the murder of colored soldiers by the men of the Fifteenth Georgia, after the repulse of Brig.-Gen. Foster's troops at Fort Gilmer.

Lieut. Viers's regiment, the Fifth U. S. Colored Troops, supported a brigade of Gen. Foster's division in the assault on Fort Gilmer on the 29th ult.

Lieut. Viers was wounded and captured, was exchanged, and made his statement to Major Hart, on board the steamer City of New York, on Sunday, Oct. 9.

Major Hart is reliable and accurate, and his report of the conversation is without doubt correct.

Lieut. Viers is now probably in hospital at Fort Monroe. I remain very respectfully, your obedient servant,

ALONZO G. DRAPER,
Colonel Thirty-sixth U. S. C. T.

Maj. R. S. Davis, A. A. G., Department of Virginia and North Carolina.

CAMP THIRTY-SIXTH U. S. COLORED TROOPS, ARMY }
OF THE JAMES, IN THE FIELD, Oct. 12, 1864. }

COLONEL: The following is a correct statement of the conversation held by me with Lieut. Veirs, Fifth U. S. Colored Troops, who was wounded and taken prisoner in the assault on Fort Gilmer, on the afternoon of the 29th ult.

I saw Lieut. Veirs on board the City of New York, at Riker's Landing, on her last trip down the river, Oct. 9. *He stated to me that after the assaulting party had retired, the rebel soldiers (who he afterwards learned, belonged to the Fifteenth Georgia Regiment) came out of the fort and bayoneted all the colored soldiers who were so badly wounded that they could not walk!* they also flourished their bayonets over him, called him the vilest names they could utter, and would probably have killed him on the spot, had not the officers of these men come to his rescue. They (the officers) ordered the men to desist, and had Veirs conveyed inside the fort, where he was again subjected to the vilest insults from the lips of a Confederate naval officer. This officer admitted, however, that "the damned niggers fought like devils." I remain, Colonel, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

W. H. HART,
Major 36th U. S. C. T.

Col. A. G. Draper, 36th U. S. C. T., Field Hospital, 18th A. C.

The sequel is thus related by the same correspondent:

I sent, yesterday, copies of the letters and documents respecting the proposed retaliation by Gen. Butler upon rebel prisoners, for the shameful treatment to which our negro soldiers in the hands of the enemy, are subjected. As the Confederate authorities saw fit not to reply to the communications on this subject, sent by flag of truce, Gen. Butler felt that he had no alternative but to put his threat into execution. He therefore issued the following general order:

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT VIRGINIA AND NORTH }
CAROLINA, ARMY OF THE JAMES, IN THE FIELD, }
Oct. 13, 1864. }

GENERAL ORDER No. 126.—It being testified to the Commanding General by a number of refugees and deserters from the enemy, that from one hundred to one hundred and fifty soldiers of the United States, captured in arms by the Confederates on the lines near Chapin's Bluff, have been taken from Libby prison, and other wheres, and placed to labor on the intrenchments of the enemy's lines in front of their troops, the Commanding-General on the 12th day of October, notified the Confederate agent of exchange, Robert Ould, of the outrage being perpetrated upon his soldiers, and informed him, that unless the practice was stopped, retaliation in kind would be adopted by the Government of the United States.

Being assured by Gen. Ewell, Commanding Confederate forces on the north side of the James, that an answer to the communication, if any, would be sent by eleven o'clock A. M., to-day, and it being now past twelve, noon, and no answer having been received: it is ordered that an equal number of prisoners of war, preferably members of the Virginia Reserves, by and under whose charge this outrage is being carried on, be set to work in the excavation on Dutch Gap, and elsewhere along the trenches, as may hereafter serve best, in retaliation for this unjust treatment of the soldiers of the United States, so kept at labor and service by the Confederate authorities.

It being also testified by the same witnesses that the rations served to the soldiers of the United States, so to labor, is one pound of flour and one-third of a pound of bacon daily, it is ordered that the same ration precisely be served to these Confederate prisoners, so kept at work, daily, and no other or different.

It being further testified to that the time of labor of the soldiers of the United States, so at work under the Confederates, is ten hours each day, these Confederate prisoners, so kept at work, will be made to work, and work faithfully, daily, during the same period of time.

This order will be read to the prisoners set to work, the first time they are mustered for labor, in order that they may know why it is that they do not receive that kind and courteous treatment they have heretofore from the United States as prisoners of war.

Upon any attempt to escape, by any of these prisoners, so at work, they will be instantly shot.

BENJ. F. BUTLER, Major-General,
Commanding Army of the James.

TWO REBEL TO ONE BLACK SOLDIER.

CLARKSVILLE, Tenn., Wednesday, Oct. 12.

Lieut.-Col. Weaver, with ninety colored troops, were attacked yesterday morning five miles below Fort Nelson, by two hundred rebels under Lieut. Lawrey. The rebels were whipped with the loss of Liet. Lawrey and Capt. Gurdy killed, and twenty-five men killed and wounded. Federal loss one Lieutenant and three men killed, and nine men wounded.

GEN. BUTLER ENLIGHTENS THE CHIVALRY.

Last evening a couple of government officials who were on duty as pickets, on being relieved came by mistake inside our line, and were brought in prisoners. One held a clerkship under the Confederate government, in the Comptroller's office, and the other in that of the Second Auditor. Two sorrier and more chop-fallen descendants of the F. F. V's it is rare to meet. They seemed, in addition to their mortification of being captured, especially puzzled how it happened that they should have made such a mistake as they did, and were particularly anxious to be exchanged. In an interview which Gen. Butler granted them during the evening, they anxiously inquired of him when they might hope for an exchange. "That cannot be," replied the General, with emphasis, "until the government you represent, consents to exchange our soldiers, colored as well as white, whom it holds for yours in our possession, man for man. Until that point is conceded no man of yours can be exchanged on any pretext, except they are wounded. Of this I am fully determined and equally so is the government of which I am the representative and exponent. I owe it to these colored men who are fighting in our armies, in fulfilment of the pledges I made them in behalf of my government at the beginning of the war, and by heaven, sirs, those pledges shall be fulfilled. I renewed the oath the other day as I looked on the two hundred black heroes who lay stark and stiff by yonder fort, with their dead faces turned to heaven, where they had fallen in defence of the government which you have been for four years attempting to destroy. Perhaps, sirs, you doubt whether my government will sustain me in this course; but, permit me, gentlemen, to remind you that it has sustained me for nine months past, and I have the assurance that it will continue to do so until you are glad and willing to recognize our negro soldier as entitled to the respect and the amenities accorded by civilized nations to soldiers captured in civilized warfare.

"Moreover, we hold now over sixty thousand of your 'chivalry,' as you are pleased to style yourselves, and upwards of five thousand officers. You shall be added to this interesting collection and will be treated as they are, until such time as my government consents to allow that they and you be retaliated upon, in kind, for the infamous outrages and cruelties which you have practiced upon our soldiers languishing in your prisons. When it does consent, as I have urged it to do, you may rest assured that I shall see to it that the horrors of knowing their dear ones are in captivity such as our men have endured at your hands, shall be brought sternly home to the sixty thousand families of these men, throughout all the length and breadth of your accursed Confederacy."

When the South once understands and fully appreciates that the government *means* all this, we shall cease to have any more Fort Pillow butcheries, or any more Libby Prisons and Andersonville horrors, to outrage the feelings of the friends of our imprisoned soldiers, and to shock the sensibilities of the entire civilized world.—*Tribune Cor., Oct. 10.*

GALLANTRY OF THE NEGRO TROOPS.

The colored troops were conspicuous in the fight of yesterday. They fought hard and lost severely. They moved on determinedly, seeming to enter heartily into the spirit of the endeavor to force the rebels into their last ditch, and the nearer they came to Richmond the more enthusiasm they displayed. After carrying the first line of works beyond Deep Bottom, and obtaining possession of the fort at Spring Hill, the 10th corps came out on to the Newmarket road and there halted briefly. Just then there came up from a house near by a family of whites to seek Gen. Terry's protection, and they were followed by a half dozen blacks. When the colored troops saw the freed slaves, their excitement knew no bounds. They raised their voices in a hearty and continued cheer, which was taken up by regiment after regiment, until its volume was swelled by many thousands of throats. Most of the blacks were women, several were quite old; there was one stout man. The younger women bowed and courtesied, and showed their white teeth; the older ones mumbled their toothless jaws with emotion; one waved an old palm-leaf fan; the man ran forward to respond to the unexpected greeting which met him, and was received with open arms by the sable soldiers. They cheered yet more lustily; they threw their caps into the air; they gathered about the freedman, and, grasping his hand, a score of them at a time, fairly danced for joy, or cried with delight. The scene was indescribable. Men may have their peculiar views about the Emancipation proclamation and the policy of arming blacks; but he who could stand by and see those soldiers—themselves but lately slaves—welcoming under the protection of the triumphant stars and stripes their liberated brethren, and yet could not share in their joy, and thank God with them that other chains were broken, would have been less than human.—*Cor. Springfield Republican, Sept. 30.*

Summary.

Maj.-Gen. D. B. Birney died in Philadelphia, on Tuesday evening, Oct. 18, of fever. He arrived here on the 11th in very poor health and gradually sunk away.

A story is told, to the effect that in one settlement in Minnesota, fifteen out of the sixteen male residents enlisted. The other man stayed behind to see them off and cheer.

"ABOLITION."—The *Times* says that the first tune that Colt's band played in serenading McClellan at Middletown was a prayer, from *Moses in Egypt*. Why, this wanton insult to the General, this disregard of "constitutional rights" implied in the suggestion to "let my people go"! *Hartford Press.*

A soldier in New Orleans expressed his opinion of Gen. Canby thus: "He appears to be in earnest, and to be a thorough soldier. Besides, I should take him to be a man of business, for he has been here more than two months, and has not yet found time to have his photograph taken."

DANIEL FOSTER KILLED.—Capt. Daniel Foster, of the U. S. 37th colored regiment, was killed in the attack on Chapin's Bluff. Capt. Foster was formerly chaplain of the Mass. 33d regiment. He graduated at Dartmouth College in 1841, was for several years Unitarian missionary in Kansas, and was a man of great energy and activity.

A man on Cape Cod, who separated from his wife some years ago, married a second wife, with whom he lived a year and a half, and then died. His first wife took possession of his estate. The second wife sued her for pay for services during the time she lived with the husband, and, after hearing the evidence, a Cape Cod jury gave her a verdict, allowing her two dollars per week.

The Copperhead press are making great ado about the soldiers all going for little Mac. Will they please express their obligations to the Union men for giving the soldiers the opportunity to do so, and curse the short-sightedness of all the Democratic Legislatures of the country for refusing?—*Albany Journal.*

The plan of paying regular wages to Freedmen, sometimes brings about curious occurrences. A private in one of the negro regiments guarding the rebel prisoners at Point Lookout, Maryland, has received a letter from the daughter of his former master, suggesting that, as he is now earning money for himself, it would be a very pretty thing for him to send the family five dollars, of which they were in great want, and, as for herself, she would be much obliged to him if he would give her enough money to buy her a new gown!

On Tuesday, the day of the elections in Indiana, Ohio and Pennsylvania, the Rebels hung out a huge placard at a point in their outer works before Richmond, inscribed, "Vote for McClellan," and fired a blank charge to call attention to it. It got attention speedily—good Union attention. A concentrated discharge of shotted guns knocked placard, breastwork, McClellan canvassers and all into flinders. The Chicago Platform and its candidates will go up in just that way on the blessed 8th proximo. Speed the

BULL RUN FOR McCLELLAN.—Everybody remembers, or has cause to remember, the Gen. Patterson who did *not* make a flank movement at the first battle of Bull Run, and whose incompetency or treachery prevented the Southern Confederacy from being overturned in that engagement. We are happy to inform our readers that he has come out for McClellan, and certainly no man can, with greater propriety, go for "an immediate cessation of hostilities." Indeed if an *ex post facto* law were passed in relation to that plank in the platform, Gen. Patterson could easily prove that he had not offended.—*Boston Transcript.*

Walter Savage Landor, whose death is just announced at Florence, Italy, was 89 years old, born in Warwickshire, Eng., with a large fortune, and leisure for literary pursuits. At the age of 20, he published his first volume of poems. A few years after, he sold his estates, travelled extensively, led a life of adventure in Spain, leading the insurrectionary troops against Napoleon, and finally settled in Florence. He has been an active writer both in prose and verse; the one being pungent and sometimes bitter; the other, fiery. He is no less distinguished as a philanthropist, than as a poet.

The filling up of the Back Bay at Boston has been going on more than five years, yet it is but half done. The funds received for these lands, over the cost of filling and disposed of, are in parts as follows: $225,000 to the public schools funds; $100,000 to the Museum of Comparative Zoology, at Cambridge; $50,000 to Tufts College; $25,000 to Williams College; $25,000 to Amherst College; $25,000 to Wilbraham Academy, and $300,000 for redemption of State scrip; in all, $750,000. If any more is realized the Public School Fund has the reversionary grant.

Democrats assert that the Irish in this country will all vote for McClellan. If they are right, the circumstance would be a strange one, as the Irish in America would all be engaged in doing the work of the English, who are deeply anxious that McClellan should be chosen President of the United States. The General is of Scotch descent, and that is most respectable, but ordinarily Irishmen do not look upon Scotchmen with the highest favor. He is an Episcopalian, too, a member of that religious body which for three centuries has been employed as the most effective of all instruments in keeping Ireland under the harsh dominion of England.—*Boston Traveller.*

THE REBEL BUTCHER FORREST has been rewarded for his crimes. The masters he serves have raised him to the rank of Lieutenant-General in the Confederate Armies. In doing this they have brought additional infamy on themselves without succeeding in whitewashing him. Starting in life as a slave-trader, Forrest has passed logically through all those varieties of iniquity which prove him a true friend to the South, and has ended in reaching high rebel military command. His elevation is an attempt to exalt murder and confer dignity upon rapine, and we accordingly have the spectacle of a Lieutenant-General who has placed himself, by his own acts, beyond the pale of civilized war, and who would be shot like a wild beast, should he fall into Federal hands.—*Boston Transcript.*

A little anecdote of M.

Miscellaneous Department.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

PARTING.

BY AUGUSTA COOPER KIMBALL.

Was it love for you, my brave,
When the Autumn's fire and gold
Wrought asbroud for Summer's grave—
Love, that made me shy and cold,
Fearing to be over-bold?

Was it love that made me weak,
When the glory of your eyes
Brought the secret to my cheek?
Dumb with faintness and surprise,
That so poor was my disguise.

Was it love that made the sound
Of your step a joy and pain,
Made your path a holy ground,
Made your voice the sweetest strain
Of music, short of Heaven's refrain!

Was it love that made my song
Tremble, till it seemed not mine,
When the day had faded long,
And I saw your white brow shine
Through shadows, like a thing divine?

Was it love? A man can tell,
Though we falter or deny,
When a woman loves him well,—
Feels a warm light glorify
All his soul, when she is nigh.

Take the gift, then, that you ask!
Patriot heroes may displace
Timid Love's shy shifting mask:
Wearing it were a disgrace,
Looking in your soldier face.

For my soul grows calm and clear,
Gazing at the height of yours;
Calls you "King"; for love is here,
To crown the spirit that endures,
And a nation's folly cures.

And I dare to call you "mine,"
Since you tell me that this word,
Hidden long in Love's sweet wine,
Adds new valor to the sword
That must meet a rebel horde.

Now I tremble not; but strong
For my country, tell you plain,
I love the arm that battles Wrong,
The soul that faces death and pain,
To cleanse America from stain.

Flash a doctrine absolute
From your Federal sword and gun;—
Truth, a world cannot refute—
That Justice, Love, and God are one,
Rolling forward Freedom's sun.

In this labor we will share!
Take my love, nor longer pause!
I shall wreath your name in prayer,
By Affections holy laws,
Round the dear Republic's cause.

—*Croydon, N. H.*

JEEMS, THE DOORKEEPER.

BY JOHN BROWN, M. D., OF EDINBURGH,
Author of "Rab and his Friends."

When my father was in Broughton Place Church we had a doorkeeper called "Jeems," and a formidable little man and doorkeeper he was;—of unknown age and name; for he existed to us, and still exists to me—though he has been in his grave these sixteen years—as Jeems absolute and *per se*, no more needing a surname than did or do Abraham or Isaac, Samson or Nebuchadnezzar. We young people of the congregation believed that he was out in the '45, and had his drum shot through and quenched at Culloden; and as for any indication, on his huge and gray visage, of his ever having been young, he might safely have been *Bottom* the weaver in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," or that excellent, ingenious, and "wise-hearted" Bezaleel, the son of Uri, whom Jeems regarded as one of the greatest of men and of weavers, and whose "ton curtains of fine twined linen, and blue and purple and scarlet," each of them with fifty loops on the edge of the selvage in the coupling, with their fifty taches of gold, he in confidential moments gave it to be understood were the sacred triumphs of his craft; for, as you may infer, my friend was a man of the treadles and the shuttle, as well as the more renowned grandson of Hur.

Jeems' face was so extensive, and met you so formidably and at once, that it mainly composed his whole; and such a face! Sydney Smith used to say of a certain quarrelsome man, "His very face is as breach of the peace." Had he seen our friend's, he would have said he was the imperative mood on two (very small) legs, out on business in a blue great-coat. It was in the nose and the keen small eye that his strength lay. Such a nose of power, so undeniable, I never saw, except in what was said to be a bust from the antique, of Rhadamanthus, the well-kown Justice-Clerk of the Pagan Court of Session? Indeed, when I was in the rector's class, and watched Jeems turning interlopers out of the church seats by merely presenting before them this tremendous organ, it struck me that if Rhadamanthus had still been here, and out of employment, he would have taken kindly to Jeems's work, and that, possibly, he was that potentate in a U. P. disguise.

Nature having fashioned the huge face, and laid out much material and idea upon it, had finished off the rest of Jeems somewhat scrimply, as if she had run out of means. His legs especially were of the shortest, and, as his usual dress was a very long, blue great-coat, made for a much taller man, its tails resting upon the ground, and its large hind buttons in a totally preposterous position, gave him the look of being planted, or rather, after the manner of Milton's beasts at the creation, in the act of emerging painfully from his mother earth.

Now, you may think this was a very ludicrous old object. If you had seen him, you would not have said so; and not only was he a man of weight and authority, he was likewise a genuine, indeed a deeply spiritual, Christian, well read in his Bible, in his own heart, and in human nature and life, knowing both its warp and woof; more peremptory in making himself obey his Master than in getting himself obeyed, and this is saying a good deal; and, like all complete men, he had a genuine love and gift of humor, kindly and uncouth, lurking in those small, deep-set, gray eyes, shrewd and keen, which, like two sharpest of shooters, enfiladed that massive and redoubtable bulwark, the nose.

On one occasion a descendant of Nabal having put a crown piece into "the plate" instead of a penny, and starting at its white and precious face, asked to have it back, and was refused. "In once, in forever." "Aweel, aweel," grunted he, "I'll get credit for it in heaven." "Na, na," said Jeems, "ye'll get credit only for the penny!"

One day two strangers made themselves over to Jeems to be furnished with seats. Motioning them to follow, he walked majestically to the farthest in the corner, where he had decreed they should sit. The couple found seats near the door, and stepped into them, leaving Jeems to march through the passages alone, the whole congregation watching him with some relish and alarm. He gets to his destination, opens the door, and stands aside; nobody appears. He looks sharply round, and then gives a look of general wrath "at lairge." No one doubted his victory. His nose and eye fell, or seemed to fall on the two culprits, and pulled them out instantly, hurrying them to their appointed place. Jeems snibbed them slowly in, and gave them a parting look they were not likely to misunderstand or forget.

At that time the crowds and the imperfect ventilation made fainting a common occurrence in Broughton Place, especially among "thae young hizzies," as Jeems called the servant-girls. He generally came to me, "the young doctor," on these occasions, with a look of great relish. I had indoctrinated him in the philosophy of *syncopes*, especially as to the propriety of laying the "hizzies quite flat on the floor of the lobby, with the head as low as the rest of the body; and as many of these cases were owing to what Jeems called "that bitter yerkin" of their bodices, he and I had much satisfaction in relieving them, and giving them a moral lesson, by cutting their stay-laces, which ran before the knife and cracked "like a bowstring," as my coadjutor said. One day a young lady was our care. She was lying out, and slowly coming to. Jeems, with that huge, terrific visage, came round to me with his open "gully" in his hand, whispering, "Wull oo ripp 'er up noo?" It happened not to be a case for ripping up. The gully was a great sanitary institution, and made a decided inroad upon the "yerking" system; Jeems having, thanks to this and Dr. Combe, every year fewer opportunities of displaying and enjoying its powers.

He was sober in other things besides drink, could be generous on occasion, but was careful of his siller; sensitive to fierceness ("We're uncommon 'zeelous' the day" was a favorite phrase when any church matter was stirring) for the honor of his church and minister, and to his too often worthless neighbors a perpetual moral protest and lesson—a living epistle. He dwelt at the head of Big Lockend's Close in the Canongate, at the top of a long stair—ninety-six steps, as I well know—where he had dwelt, all by himself, for five-and-thirty years, and where, in the midst of all sorts of flittings and changes, not a day opened or closed without the well-known sound of Jeems at his prayers—his "exercise" at "the books." His clear, fearless, honest voice, in psalm and chapter and strong prayer, came sounding though that wide "land," like that of one crying in the wilderness.

Jeems and I got great friends; he called me John, as if he were my grandfather; and though as plain in speech as in feature, he was never rude. I owe him much in many ways. His absolute downrightness and "yaefauldness"; his energetic, unflinching, fulfilment of his work; his rugged, sudden tenderness; his look of sturdy age, as the thick, silver-white hair lay on his serious and weather-worn face, like moonlight on a stout old tower; his quaint Old Testament exegetics, his lonely and contented life, his simple godliness—it was no small privilege to see much of all this.

But I must stop. I forget that you didn't know him, that he is not your Jeems. If it had been so, you would not soon have wearied of telling or of being told of the life and conversation of this "fell body." He was not communicative about his early life. He would sometimes speak to me about "her," as if I knew who and where she was, and always with a gentleness and solemnity unlike his usual gruff ways. I found out that he had been married when young, and that "she" (he never named her), and their child died on the same day, the day of its birth. The only indication of married life in his room was an old and strong cradle, which he had cut down so as to rock no more, and which he made the depository of his books—a queer collection.

I have said that he had what he called with a grave smile, "family" worship, morning and evening, never failing. He not only sung his psalm, but gave out or chanted "the line" in great style; and on seeing me one morning surprised at this, he said, "Ye see, John, *oo*," meaning himself and his wife, "began that way." He had a firm, true voice, and a genuine though roughish gift of singing; and being methodical in all things, he did what I never heard of in any one else: he had seven fixed tunes, one of which he sung on its own set day.

Saturday morning it was *French*, which he went through with great "burr"; Monday, *Scarborough*, which, he said, was like my father cantering; Tuesday, *Coleshill*, that soft, exquisite air—monotonous and melancholy, soothing and vague, like the sea. This day, Tuesday, was the day of the week on which his wife and child died, and he always sung more verses then than on any other. Wednesday was *Irish*; Thursday, *Old Hundred*; Friday, *Bangor*, and Saturday, *Blackburn*, that humdrummest of tunes, "so long and lank and lean as is the ribbed sea-sand." He could not defend it, but had some secret reason for sticking to it. As to the evenings, they were just the same tunes in reversed order, only that on Tuesday night he sung *Coleshill* again, thus dropping *Blackburn* for evening work. The children could tell the day of the week by Jeems's tune, and would have been as much astonished at hearing *Bangor* on Monday, as at finding St. Giles's half-way down the Canongate.

I frequently breakfasted with him. He made capital porridge, and I wish I could get such buttermilk, or at least have such a relish for it, as in those days. Jeems is away, gone over to the majority; and I hope I may never forget to be grateful to the dear and queer old man. I think I see and hear him saying his grace over our bickers with their "brata" on, then taking his two books out of the cradle, and reading, not without a certain homely majesty, the first verse of the 99th Psalm:

"The eternal Lord doth reign as king;
Let all the people quake;
He sits between the cherubim;
Let the earth be moved and shake"—

then launching out into the noble depths of *Irish*. His chapters were long, and his prayers short, very scriptural, but by no means stereotyped, and wonderfully real, "immediate," as if he were near Him whom he addressed. But one hearing the sound, and not the words, would say, "that man is speaking to some one who is with him, who is present"; as he often said to me, "There's nae gude dune, John, till ye get to 'close grups.'"—*Leisure Hour.*

A PAPER HOUSE.

An exhibition of a novel and interesting character will shortly take place; it is one designed to illustrate the varied and almost exhaustless uses to which paper may be applied. M. Szerelmey, whose inventive genius is only rivalled by his perseverance under many difficulties, has been for some time past engaged in the preparation of the materials for this exhibition. He proposes to build a house of paper; to construct the walls of paper, to roof it with paper tiles, to floor it with paper boards, to supply the water through paper tubes, to light it with gas supplied through paper pipes, and to supply a large portion of the furniture and household utensils of paper. The inventor, in the preparation of the materials, makes use of a peculiar description of gum, which he calls zopissa, which is found in large quantities in the East, and which he contends is the same material as that used by the ancient Greeks and Romans as a coating for their ships, and by the ancient artists for encaustic paintings, such as adorned the tombs of Egypt and the dwellings of Pompeii. M. Szerelmey, now a political exile from Hungary, was formerly colonel in the engineers of the Austrian service, and was appointed by the Imperial government one of the members of a scientific commission to inquire into and report upon various subjects connected with archæological science, and in the course of his extensive travels in the East he was enabled to throw considerable light upon many questions of interest respecting the encaustic and zopissa processes of the ancients. The gum, treated in various modes, according to the purposes for which it is required, possesses very remarkable preservative qualities. It will indurate or harden stone, as may be seen by those portions of the exterior of the House of Commons on the river front which have been treated with this substance. Its effects may also be seen in a portion of the front of the Bank of England. It has been employed by Mr. Penrose as the base upon which to paint the frescoes on the interior of the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, and, if its merits be as great as are claimed for it, we may soon have reason to regret that this material was not employed for the frescoes of the Houses of Parliament, and that Mr. Herbert's magnificent picture was not painted upon zopissa rather than upon the so-called water-glass. The gum has not only been successfully applied to stone, but bricks; and soft plaster casts, when immersed in, or coated with, the compound, become hard as granite, and sparks may be struck from a substance which but a few days before was only a piece of soft chalk. Iron may be equally protected from decay and oxydation by this process much more successfully than by ordinary, paint, and the railings round St. Paul's churchyard—the last of the products of the once extensive iron foundries of Sussex—have been preserved from the decay which was rapidly eating them away, by several coatings of this remarkable substance. It is not alone hard materials, such as iron and stone and wood, that acknowledge the indurating powers of the zopissa compound, but yielding textile fabrics are by its peculiar action converted into new substances. Calico and linen, or canvass, are changed into a material that makes an excellent substitute for leather, either of the coarse description fitted for the boots of the soldier or the policeman; soft and pleasant kid for the lady's shoe or slipper; patent leather, with a polish and color unsurpassed; and calf of a texture that will not crack, for the dress boots of the most exquisite of the Lord Dundreary class. This leather-like substance, known as pannonia, has already passed from the phase of experiment, and the ever-ready, all-devouring joint-stock system has formed a company for carrying out its manufacture upon a large commercial scale. In its effects upon paper also some very remarkable results are produced. For an inventor to lay claim to any merit for making boards or pipes out of paper appears at first sight about as reasonable as that remarkable proposal during the South Sea mania, of Mr. Pollington, for "melting saw-dust and shavings into deal boards of any length, and free from knots." To take paper which varies in price—say from 2*d* to 9*d* per pound—and use it as a material to replace wood, or iron, or lead, would of course be an absurdity, and a person who seriously proposed such a scheme would afford undoubted evidence of his qualification for a residence in Colney Hatch. Paper-makers need not be alarmed at the prospect of the present limited supply of the raw material being trenched upon by any demand for manipulating rags into substitutes for deal boards or water pipes. The material employed by M. Szerelmey is a fibre which grows extensively in this and almost every country. It is said to offer no difficulty in the way of its conversion into pulp, or bringing it into a condition in which it may be further manipulated into the required form. It is adapted for conversion into rough descriptions of paper required for the coarser and stronger manufactures at so small a cost that the inventor is confident of being able to compete successfully with the house or ship builder. Boards made of this prepared paper are stronger than oak, and twenty per cent. cheaper. These paper boards possess several very remarkable qualities. They can be made of any length or thickness, and as much as five feet in width, and they may be cut by the saw to any required form. More than this, they are, taking equal thickness, much stronger than oak or teak, and some of them have been tested, and resisted a pressure of two hundred and fifty pounds to the square inch, while the oak plank was riven at a little more than half the pressure. Another important feature in these boards is, that they are practically indestructible by fire. They will not burn as timber does, and the application of heat will only produce local combustion; no amount of ordinary heat will set it in a flame. The uses to which a material that possesses in a greater degree than timber the qualities of buoyancy, resistance, non-conduction of heat and electricity, and indestructibility, may be applied, are practically exhaustless.—*Morning Post.*

THE KISS IN SCHOOL.

A district school not far away,
'Mid Berkshire hills, one winter's day,
Was humming with its wonted noise
Of three score mingled girls and boys—
Some few upon their tasks intent,
But more on future mischief bent;
The while the master's downward look
Was fastened on a copy-book—
Rose sharp and clear a rousing smack!
As 'twere a battery of bliss
Let of in one tremendous kiss.
"What's that?" the startled master cries,
"That thir," a little imp replies,
"Wath William Willith if you pleathe—
I saw him kith Thuthannah Peathe!"
With frown to make a statue thrill,
The master thundered, "Hither, Will!"
Like wretch o'ertaken in his track,
With stolen chattels on his back,
Will hung his head with fear and shame,
And to that awful presence came—
A great, green, bashful simpleton,
The butt of all good-natured fun.
With smile suppressed, and birch upraised,
The thrasher falter'd—"I'm amazed
That you, my biggest pupil, should
Be guilty of an act so rude!
Before the whole set school to boot—
What evil genius put you to't?"
"'Twas she, herself, sir, sobbed the lad,
"I didn't mean to be so bad—
But when Susannah shook her curls,
And whispered I was 'fraid of girls,
And darsn't kiss a baby's doll,
I couldn't stand it, sir, at all!
But up and kissed her on the spot;
I know—boo-hoo—I ought to not,
But, somehow, from her looks—boo-hoo—
I thought she kind o' wished me to!"

WILLIAM PITT PALMER.

THE "DECLARATION" FOR SCIENTIFIC MEN.

Sir John Herschel was, among other men of scientific eminence, invited to sign the following "declaration":

"We, the undersigned students of the Natural Sciences, desire to express our sincere regret that researches into scientific truth are perverted by some in our own times into occasion for casting doubt upon the truth and authenticity of the Holy Scriptures. We conceive that it is impossible for the Word of God, as written in the Book of Nature, and God's Work written in the Holy Scripture, to contradict one another, however much they may appear to differ. We are not forgetful that physical science is not complete, but is only in a condition of progress, and that at present our finite reason enables us only to see as through a glass darkly, and we confidently believe that a time will come when the two records will be seen to agree in every particular. We cannot but deplore that natural science should be looked upon with suspicion by many who do not make a study of it, merely on account of the unadvised manner in which some are placing it in opposition to Holy Writ. We believe that it is the duty of every scientific student to investigate nature simply for the purpose of elucidating truth, and that if he finds that some of his results appear to be in contradiction to the written Word, or rather to his own interpretations of it, which may be erroneous, he should not presumptuously affirm that his own conclusions must be right and the statements of Scripture wrong; rather leave the two side by side till it shall please God to allow us to see the manner in which they may be reconciled; and, instead of insisting upon the seeming difference between science and the Scriptures, it would be as well to rest in faith upon the points in which they agree."

Sir John declined to append his signature to the document, and thus stated the grounds of his decision: "I consider the act of calling on me publicly to avow or disavow, to approve or disapprove, in writing, any religious doctrine or statement, however carefully or cautiously drawn up (in other words, to append my name to a religious manifesto), to be an infringement of that social forbearance which guards the freedom of religious opinion in this country with especial sanctity. At the same time I protest against my refusal to sign your 'Declaration' being construed into a profession of Atheism or Infidelity. My sentiments on the mutual relations of Scripture and science have long been before the world, and I see no reason to alter or to add to them. But I consider this movement simply mischievous, having a direct tendency (by putting forward a new Shibboleth, a new verbal test of religious partisanship) to add a fresh element of discord to the already too discordant relations of the Christian world. I do not deny that care and caution are apparent on the face of the document I am called on to subscribe. But no nicety of wording, no artifice of human language, will suffice to discriminate the hundredth part of the shades of meaning in which the most world-wide differences of thought on such subjects may be involved, or prevent the most gently-worded and apparently justifiable expressions of regret, so embodied, from grating on the feelings of thousands of estimable and well-intentioned men with all the harshness of controversial hostility."

Sir John Bowring, who also had a copy of the same circular addressed to him by Professor Stenhouse, made the following reply: "In the general spirit of the document to which my adhesion is asked I cordially concur. That all truths must ultimately harmonize—that one truth cannot be inconsistent with another truth, are propositions—axioms, rather—which cannot be contested; to proclaim an approval of them is as much a work of supererogation as it would be to publish an avowal of agreement with the demonstration of a mathematical problem. But it appears to me the period has arrived when we should endeavor to emancipate ourselves from the tyranny of all dogmatizing creeds—all enforced confessions, all foregone conclusions, all compromising declarations; perseveringly carrying out to their necessary consequences our own investigations and convictions, and encouraging others to exercise the same right, and discharge the same duty. I do not know how the cause of truth and the interests of religion can be better served than by allowing the utmost latitude to inquiry. It is not possible—nor, if possible, desirable—to prevent comparisons between the historical revelations of the past and the scientific discoveries of the present time. The Bible must be brought into the broad daylight—out of the darkness to which ancient authority condemn d it; it must be tested by inquiring knowledge, and taken from the custody of contented ignorance; it must be cleared of its cobwebs, and purged from its corruptions. Nothing less ought reasonably to satisfy those who believe; nothing more can fairly be demanded by those who doubt; but thus much may be asked in the interest of all. There is no 'presumption' in giving to the world conclusions soberly, seriously, and reverently formed, be those conclusions what they may. The best resting-place for 'faith,' or hope, or comfort, will, after all, be found in allowing to the intellectual faculties with which God blessed us their widest influence and action over the whole field of thought. By 'proving all things' we shall best be able to 'hold fast that which is good,' and we may be fully assured that the Great Verities which have stood the storms and shocks of agitated centuries will remain unshaken through coming ages."

Many persons do not hesitate to measure the truth and purity of Christian teaching and Christian Churches by the standard of peace. And you shall hear even the frequenters of gambling-dens and grog-shops—men who have not darkened the doors of God's temples for years, and who lay no sort of claim to piety—expatiating on the beauty of peace, and weeping lest the cause of Christ shall suffer from disturbance. Go, behold these men, whose god is money, and whose principles are the five loaves and two fishes, and hear them lament and bewail the defection of the Christian ministry, and hear them read to them lessons about their duty, saying, "You are called to preach a gospel of peace, and you ought to preach that, as your Master preached it." Hear them denounce men as stirring up conflicts in the community because they preach conscience, and duty, and rectitude, and honesty. There are, alas! too many priests and ministers who endorse them; who feel that it is their duty as teachers to take everything out of the Church that belongs to civil and national affairs; and who seem to have an idea that nothing should be brought into the pulpit which does not belong to the Sabbath, to man's spiritual nature, or to the future life—those influences that fashion him in the school, and mould him in the street, and surround him in society being left out of the account, so far as their duty as Christian teachers is concerned. Why, what would be the power of God in stilling tumults, if he could only still those that existed in wells and cisterns, and could not do anything with the sea and the ocean? Yet here are men who preach a gospel to pools, to reservoirs, to Churches sequestered, but have no gospel to preach on that wide expanse of human society where winds rage and storms cast up mire and dirt. I believe the minister is sent to preach the gospel to the world—to private men and public men; to lawyers and doctors; to mechanics and laboring-men; to employers and the employed; to parents and children; to all whom it concerns; and I hold that no man can preach it thus without dealing with these things which relate to men in their secular relations, and which they are thinking about and acting about every day. And I cannot but feel that this hyper-churchism is infidelity.—*H. W. Beecher.*

SERVANTS AND SERVICE.

Many of the domestic evils in America originate in the fact, that, while society here is professedly based on new principles, which ought to make social life in every respect different from the life of the Old World, yet these principles have never been so thought out and applied as to give consistency and harmony to our daily relations. America starts with a political organization based on a declaration of the primitive freedom and equality of all men. Every human being, according to this principle, stands on the same natural level with every other, and has the same chance to rise according to the degree of power or capacity given by the Creator. All our civil institutions are designed to preserve this equality, as far as possible, from generation to generation: there is no entailed property, there are no hereditary titles, no monopolies, no privileged classes—all are to be as free to rise and fall as the waves of the sea.

The condition of domestic service, however, still retains about it something of the influences from feudal times, and from the near presence of slavery in neighboring States. All English literature, all the literature of the world, describes domestic service in the old feudal spirit and with the old feudal language, which regarded the master as belonging to a privileged class and the servant to an inferior one. There is not a play, not a poem, not a novel, not a history, that does not present this view. The master's rights, like the rights of kings, were supposed to rest in his being born in a superior rank. The good servant was one who, from childhood, had learned "to order himself lowly and reverently to all his betters." When New England brought to these shores the theory of democracy, she brought, in the persons of the first pilgrims, the habits of thought and of action formed in aristocratic communities. Winthrop's Journal, and all the old records of the earlier colonists, show households where masters and mistresses stood on the "right divine" of the privileged classes, however they might have risen up against authorities themselves.

The first consequence of this state of things was a universal rejection of domestic service in all classes of American-born society. For a generation or two, there was indeed a sort of interchange of family strength—sons and daughters engaging in the service of neighboring families, in default of a sufficient working-force of their own, but always on conditions of strict equality. The assistant was to share the table, the family sitting-room, and every honor and attention that might be claimed by son or daughter. When families increased in refinement and education so as to make these conditions of close intimacy with more uncultured neighbors disagreeable, they had to choose between such intimacies and the performance of their own domestic toil. No wages could induce a son or daughter of New England to take the condition of a servant on terms which they thought applicable to that of a slave. The slightest hint of a separate table was resented as an insult; not to enter the front door, and not to sit in the front parlor on state-occasions, was bitterly commented on as a personal indignity.

The well-taught, self-respecting daughters of farmers, the class most valuable in domestic service, gradually retired from it. They preferred any other employment, however laborious. Beyond all doubt, the labors of a well-regulated family are more healthy, more cheerful, more interesting, because less monotonous, than the mechanical toils of a factory; yet the girls of New England, with one consent, preferred the factory, and left the whole business of domestic service to a foreign population; and they did it mainly because they would not take positions in families as an inferior laboring class by the side of others of their own age who assumed as their prerogative to live without labor.

"I can't let you have one of my daughters," said an energetic matron to her neighbor, from the city, who was seeking for a servant in her Summer vacation: "if you had'nt daughters of your own, maybe I would; but my girls a'n't going to work so that your girls may live in idleness."

It was in vain to offer money. "We don't need your money, ma'am, we can support ourselves in other ways; my girls can braid straw, and bind shoes, but they a'n't going to be slaves to anybody."—*Mrs. Stowe, in October Atlantic.*

RED-HAIRED NEGROES.

A correspondent of the *Christian Mirror* writes to the Editor:

"You may remember that during the past Summer, a *red-haired negro* was seen in our streets, a phenomenon which excited very general remark, it being the impression that negro tribes are always dark-haired.

"*Pure* negroes are always black-haired. But there are a few tribes of negroloid people living along the southern border of the Great African Desert, amongst whom red and auburn hair is not unfrequently seen. There is indeed one tribe, whose name I do not now recall, living in Senegambia, the predominant color of whose hair is red; any other color being exceptional.

"This is due in all cases to an intermixture of the Ethiopian with either Celtic or Gothic blood. The red-haired nations all originated in high northern Europe and Asia. Some of these rufous peoples, at a very remote period, in their wanderings by land and sea, by wars and emigrations, reached the north of Africa, where they amalgamated with the native population, constituting in part the Numidians of the Romans, and the Berbers, Tuariks, etc., of the modern geographers. Propelled by the Arabic conquests, they moved southward and westward, and traces of them are seen to this day, as above noted, on the Senegal and the Gambia.

"These hybrid tribes cannot be enslaved, and hence rarely does a red-haired negro ever get to this country. The *complexion* of these amalgamated people gives but little evidence of their commixture of blood; the long period of their stay in Africa having tanned them to a negroloid depth of color; but the color of the hair is an unmistakable indication.

"In Barbary, amongst the mountains, the foreign element above referred to may still be found in a comparatively pure state. Thus the Gomera in Morocco speak a Celtic dialect, which is partly intelligible to Welsh seamen. Scattered all over the Barbary country are found those peculiar Celtic monuments, cairns, barrows, and cromlechs. The word *Gomera*, also, is from an Asiatic word, *Gomed*, which means ox. The Gomera are oxherds or neatherds.

"It is probable, therefore, that the red-haired negro in question belonged to some of the mongrel Senegambian tribes; that is to say, if his hair were really red, it being doubtful in these days what the real color of a man's hair is, and there being a particular rage for red hair just at this time amongst the French, who set the fashion for the world. A thorough-bred red-haired negro must indeed be a phenomenon."

My Christian brethren, I have made these remarks to you to-night because you are called as citizens to go down, at this time, and for weeks sequent, into the great arena of conflict. You are to labor, and I am to labor, and every good citizen is to labor. There will be much that will surprise you, much that will provoke you, and much, perhaps, that will disgust you; but let no man feel that, because the task is a disagreeable one, he has a right to chooose whether he will accept it or reject it. You have no such right. You must go into the conflict, and you must do it with a sense of accountability to Almighty God. You never lived in an age—I think no man ever did—when so much depended on the few ensuing weeks as now. I regard the destiny of this nation as pivoting on the election of November. And I feel as though every Christian tongue in this land should speak, and as though every true and honest heart in this land should energize itself in behalf of all that is dear to liberty, all that is dear to humanity, and all that is dear to Christianity itself. You are to choose between day and night. From the morning comes brighter day and better promise: the night opens into deeper gloom and mountains of darkness. On which side will you be found? You have chosen, or you would not be here.

I am hopeful of the results: perhaps too hopeful; but I think not. And when once the coming election is passed, and the cause of the government is vindicated, and that much-abused and good man is seated again in the Presidential chair—a man that has gone through seas of difficulty with less sympathy than any man that ever lived; a man that has been called to achieve more difficult tasks, with less law, with fewer precedents, and with less help, than any man that ever lived; a man that has been as unwearied and patient, and honest and true to his own convictions of duty, as any man that ever lived—when he again, better instructed by the last four years' schooling through which he has passed, is seated as Chief Magistrate of this nation for four years more, which are to be the formative period of our newly-created history, I shall feel as though we had advanced one cycle nearer the millenial day. [A Voice—Amen.]

Into this conflict go, then, young men. There is not one of you that in the judgment-day can hold up your head and make excuse, if you fail your country in this day of her trial. There is not a single wicked influence that is not conspiring for her overthrow. Do you hear with admiration of men that performed good deeds in days that are gone by? Do you listen entranced to accounts of what men achieved at former periods in the cause of patriotism? Never was there such an opportunity for performing good deeds; never was there such a time for achieving in the cause of patriotism, as God has given you. And be worthy of the day in which you live. Be worthy of the government which you have honored. Be worthy of the fathers that have given you your name. Be worthy of the glory of our past history. Transmit to the future of this land, undissevered, fairer for the strifes which it has gone through, and worn bright as armor long used in battle by the concussions of which it has been the scene. Do these things, and your name shall be engraven on the imperishable columns of this commonwealth of liberty.—*H. W. Beecher. Sermon, Oct. 2.*

WAYFARING.

[FROM THE GERMAN.]

I knocked in vain at the rich man's door;
A farthing is all he gives to the poor.

Gently I tapped at Affection's gate:
Ten others were wooing; I was too late.

Fain would I approach Honor's castled abode,
No spurs had I won, no palfrey I rode.

Where Industry toiled, a pittance to gain,
I met only rags, starvation and pain.

Through life I have sought the abode of Content:
It beckoned, but vanished when nearer I went.

One cottage I found; 'twas glassy and low;
Thither for refuge at last I may go.

Its portals are open to welcome each guest;
There many before me in silence sought rest.

MACKAY AND SALA.

The *Daily News* has far outstripped any or all of the London journals in the trustworthiness and completeness of its correspondence on affairs in the United States, and it has won for itself an especially high character in this regard, from the fact that two well-known correspondents of other London journals have supplied a steady contrast to the *News'* reports, in a succession of statements which have been proven to be in a great measure valueless, from the haste with which they were penned, and the unscrupulousness with which they were presented to the public. The correspondents we refer to in this uncomplimentary way are men of some literary repute. Dr. Charles Mackay, of the London *Times*, although he has led a rather peripatetic career in literature; although he has started half a dozen journals or magazines in half a dozen different places and failed as many times, was supposed to be a man of sufficient principle, and firmness of character, to be an impartial observer and a faithful recorder. We doubt if he has proved to be either. The infelicities of his predictions are at times absolutely ridiculous, and the commercial readers of the *Times* can only have relied on them at the risk of every day losing heavy stakes. We do not refer so much to Mackay's stories about the war itself, and what would or what could not happen at the battle-field at a particular point, and at a particular juncture. We refer to the general tone of the correspondence, which has been that of habitual disparagement of every person and thing connected with the government of the United States. His pictures of the financial condition of affairs have been, so far as they were intelligible, mere rehashes of what has appeared in the New York *News*, which is notoriously written to the order of Mr. Benjamin of Richmond. There has been, on Mackay's part, an utter sinking of that self-assertion and self-respect which a special correspondent, to be of any value, must possess in an eminent degree. There is a story of Mackay's engagement with the *Times* which fully illustrates his position. Delane, the managing editor of the *Times*, it is said, after Russell had announced his intention to return home, spoke casually to Mr. Thackeray one day at the Reform Club on the subject of pointing out some sort of a successor to Mr. Russell. Mr. Thackeray asked if Mr. Delane desired to have a man of similar independence and force of character as the retiring correspondent. To which Mr. Delane replied that it was immaterial; that, if anything beyond some literary capacity could be bargained for, it would be well to have some one who would take his *cue* from the paper. Consult its tone carefully, and *write up to that tone* as obsequiously as possible, no matter what he might see or hear in America. "I have found your man!" exclaimed Thackeray—"the very man you want—ready to take any cue you give, supple as an eel when he is required to bend himself to circumstances, and, in short, the very ideal of a correspondent whose personal identity shall be effectually lost in the paper he serves." Delane at once took the hint. "Robin Goodfellow" had proved a failure. Mackay was out of employment, and his services were readily secured at a moderate price.

Of the same order of correspondents as the *Times'* agent, is Mr. Sala of the London *Telegraph*; the difference between them being that the latter has more rope thrown to him by his employers. He has to keep his cue, no doubt—which is to abuse the Yankees, with unsparing hand. But he is not bound to do it after the ponderous fashion of a *Times* editorial. He is to invent juicy stories—pry into the kitchens of Cabinet Ministers—worm himself into ladies' boudoirs—hob-nob with scullery maids—and serve up generally as piquant a dish as the materials thus placed at his disposal will allow. We notice, among other duties, it has been the particular business of this Cockney caricaturist to villify the Scotchmen of America—to denounce them as a low, cunning, sneaking race, pandering to Yankee prejudices for pure love of gain, and at heart despising Republican institutions, while avowedly taking part with the dominant party. When his pot-house and scullery anecdotes give out—when his inventive genius gives way, and there remains neither original blackguardism nor piquant smut to illuminate his letters—he then falls foul of some respectable individual and besmears him with dirt. His latest victim in this regard is Mr. Goldwin Smith, who, because he has received some consideration as a distinguished English professor from men of letters in this country, is set upon by this Sala as if the Professor had come here to sell his country for a Harvard diploma or a public dinner. Contrasting himself with Professor Smith, says Sala: "My destiny is different, and I have still the firm and constant mind, God willing, to play the part I deem an honest one, and see this show out to the end."—*Scottish American.*

An Authentic Portrait of Toussaint.—Mr. Jacob Snider, Jr., an excellent citizen of Philadelphia, and a Republican Abolitionist of the blackest and noblest kind, has presented to the Washington Wilks Testimonial Fund a portrait of Toussaint L'Overture, which possesses a really intrinsic interest. He obtained it from Mr. Bigelow, United States Consul at Paris, in exchange for a portrait of Washington. Mr. Bigelow bought it in an old curiosity-shop in that city; but farther than this its history is unknown. But it bears marks of having been taken from the life—probably while the patriot chief was immured in a French prison. Toussaint is dressed in the uniform of a Haytien general, and his features are of the genuine negro type, setting forever at rest the still-disputed question whether he was a man of mixed blood. On the back of the frame there are wax impressions of three seals, one bearing his own effigy, while the second is the seal of the Republic, and the third is evidently his own private seal. The portrait is unquestionably an original, and as a memento of the great African leader is worth far more than its intrinsic value. Curiously enough, the name is spelt in the Haytien patois; and, as I said before, the face is unmistakably that of a pure African. I wish some American historical society or New England Abolitionist would make a bid for it. The proceeds will go to the fund now being raised for the benefit of poor Mr. Wilks's family.—*London Cor. Independent.*

Mrs. Plumb's Gymnasium.—On Fourteenth street, very near to where the great Fair is now in progress, through one door east of Sixth Avenue, is the house of Mrs. Plumb, in the rear of which is a large hall used as a gymnasium. We are careful to mention the spot, for we trust this brief notice will lead some of our city readers to visit it and judge of it for themselves. We speak of this gymnasium to our friends with some enthusiasm, since we regard the excellent lady in charge of it, as truly a benefactor to the children and youth of our city, in introducing here a system of exercise first taught by Dr. Dio Lewis, of Boston, and popularly known as the Light Gymnastics. The peculiarity of this system is, the exercise is by means of light weights, or no weights at all, instead of the heavy dumb-bells, and the severe feats of lifting, and climbing, and swinging, by which children often strained their little muscles, and did themselves far more harm than good. Instead of that the children here are put through a course of exercises which, without straining, developes the arms and chest, expands the lungs, and sends a healthful glow through the whole frame. We can testify from observation of a child in our own family to the excellent effect in developing the figure and promoting the health. So much impressed have we been with the superiority of this method, that we should be glad to make it known yet more extensively. Parents who see their little ones drooping for want of air and exercise, which it is so difficult to obtain in a great city, would do well to look in at this most excellent institution. Mrs. Plumb is a lady who commands universal respect, and to whose care parents may entrust their children with entire confidence.—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

Advertisements.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

NEW TERMS.

The Publishers have resisted as long as they could the growing necessity of advancing the price of this work. But when paper costs three times as much as before, and a remittance to London more than twelve dollars for a pound, and every other expense of manufacture is greatly increased (saying nothing of the expense of living), it is evident that sooner or later the Proprietors must follow the course of the Trade.

The change is made only after every other resource has been exhausted; and we confidently appeal to the kindness and justice of our old friends, asking them, not only to continue their own subscriptions, but to add the names of their friends to our list.

On the first of October, the prices will be—

$8 a Year, free of postage.
18 Cents a number.
Bound Volumes, $2 75.
Complete sets, or sets of the First, Second, or Third Series, $2 50 a volume, in Cloth.
First Series, 36 volumes, Morocco backs and corners, $100.
Price to the Trade will be advanced 3 Cents a number.

Postage.—Hereafter we shall pay postage on "The Living Age" *only when Six Dollars is paid in advance for a year.* Persons paying a smaller sum must pay their own postage.

A SUBSCRIBER'S COMMENDATION.

Dear Mr. Editor: I notice in the last number your announcement of an intended increase of charge for *The Living Age*, beginning with the first of October. It did not come upon me unprepared.

I had supposed that, in common with business of every other kind, *The Living Age* must necessarily feel the pressure of the times the more especially that people are not always as punctual as they should be in paying their subscriptions; and had determined to raise mine voluntarily with the coming year. Your announcement leads me to anticipate that intention. Please credit me with ten dollars—herewith enclosed—and charge me